Memoir of
SUKEY HARLEY

John Ashdown
A Gift from his affectionate Mother
August 28th. 1907

MEMOIR

OF

SUKEY HARLEY,

OF THE PARISH OF

PULVERBACH, NEAR SHREWSBURY.

BY THE LATE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

"I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing."—*Psalm* ci. 1.

"Let Epicureans despise these things! Examples of this kind—whether found in Christ Himself, or in 'our brethren that are in the world,' will be more precious to the truly godly and spiritual, than all the treasures and riches of which the world can boast."—*Luther.*

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PREFACE

This little Memoir might probably never have appeared in print, had not a part of it (viz., "The account taken from Sukey Harley's lips") found its way into a religious Magazine about the year 1837. Afterwards this was reprinted as a separate Tract; but still without the writer's knowledge—the party reprinting it having supposed it to detail the life of a person long since dead, whereas Sukey Harley was at that time living.

She was never informed of the publication herself; but she derived from it some measure of pecuniary relief, at a time when that relief was much needed; for the party, when apprized of their mistake, kindly remitted the profits of the sale for her use.

The Tract thus passed through more than one edition; and Sukey Harley became known to many,

who expressed a lively interest in her case. It was therefore judged expedient to add to the "Account" a few of her "Conversations, etc.," as also the particulars of her death: the whole being rightly adjusted, so as to make the publication uniform.

Demand being still made for it, it is now again sent forth into the world, under a hope that the blessing of God may attend the perusal of it in many hearts.—J. G.

PULVERBACH, SHREWSBURY,
July 1*st*, 1867.

As the account of "Sukey Harley" has been out of print for four years, an offer has been made to me to reprint it. This I am glad to accept, trusting the blessing granted to it in the past may continue in the future. The new edition is a verbatim copy of Miss Jane Gilpin's edition of 1867.—R. B. B.

PULVERBACH, 1905.

Memoir of Sukey Harley.

SUKEY HARLEY, whose name before her marriage was Overton, was born at Prolimoor, in the parish of Wentnor, on the Longmynd, a wild and beautiful part of the country in Shropshire. She was the youngest but one of sixteen children, some of whom died in infancy; but a large family of them growing up, and her parents being poor, her education was much neglected. She had not even the advantage of being taught to read, a privilege which some of her elder brothers and sisters possessed. She married very young. Her husband, Charles Harley, was a sober, quiet, industrious man, who gained a livelihood as a day labourer among the farmers. Some years after their marriage they went to live at Ryton, a small village not far from Shrewsbury. Here it pleased God to bring her to a deep and spiritual conviction of her awful state as a sinner; and in the midst

of her heathenish ignorance to awaken a cry in her heart for that mercy she had never before felt the need of; in answer to which (being the cry of His own Spirit within her) He revealed to her dark soul eternal salvation through Jesus Christ. About three years after this time they went to live at Pulverbach, and here it was the writer first became acquainted with her, to whom some years afterwards she gave the remarkable account of her conversion which has already appeared in print, and which is here republished, with no other alteration than the correction of an occasional mistake.

Sukey was naturally of a lively, cheerful disposition; particularly frank and warm-hearted, consequently her attachments were strong and not readily relinquished. She was exceedingly prompt and energetic in all her proceedings; truly sympathising to those persons whom she knew to be in distress; and heartily willing to show a kindness to any who needed it, whenever occasion served.

During the latter years of her life she had to struggle through many adversities—infirm health, domestic affliction, and poverty. For the last of these, it pleased God to open the hearts of many friends, so that she never came into that destitution she otherwise might have

done. In this she found continual cause for thankfulness and praise to her heavenly Father, who thus graciously opened a way for the supply of her necessities; while those who had been made the means of administering to her comfort, were always remembered by her with grateful affection.

She died in the summer of 1853, in the seventieth year of her age, at Pulverbach, where she had resided near forty years.

Her account is as follows :—

"I was always thought odd by all my mother's children. There were sixteen of us altogether; two or three died in infancy. I was the youngest but one, that was Winney. My father took to me more than all the rest. I have heard my mother say he meant to have made me a fine scholar if he had lived; but he died when I was only three years old. I remember when he died very well; he was hanging his head over me; I was lying in the bed with him; he dropped his head down and fell upon me. I remember my mother pulling me away, and she wrapped me up in her checked apron, and carried me off, and I remember her dismal distress.

"Before my father died, I used to watch for his getting up in the morning, and used to call

out, 'Dad, is it a fine day? is it clear all round?' 'Yes, Tooty, it's clear all round.' Then I would get up and help him to make the fire; and I have heard my mother say I was always busy about somewhat: I was a very odd child.

"My poor mother was left in great distress when my father died. It was never in her power to put me to school. I was never taught anything about God in my childhood, nor about His blessed Son Jesus Christ. The only thing I can remember learning when a child, was the Lord's Prayer. We were taught to repeat that after we were in bed every night, and they called it 'saying our prayers;' but what it meant I knew nothing about. I used to take wondrous delight in washing my doll's clothes, and getting up at four o'clock in the morning to steal the soap; I also once stole a bit of pink ribbon for my doll. When I look back upon all this, it brings great experience upon my heart.

"We used sometimes to be very badly off: my mother used to go out to nurse, and remain out a month or six weeks at a time. Winney and I were left in charge of an elder sister. The meat would sometimes be all gone long before my mother came home. We were badly clemm'd.

I used to take my little sister and go out to gather sour sauce in the fields. I remember once a neighbour came and sent us away. I thought it very hard, but he did not know it was satisfying hunger. Poor Winney cried; my sister looked at her. She was clemm'd as well as we, and she said, 'Poor thing, put your thumb in your mouth.' I felt very sorrowful. I had very dismal thoughts sometimes. I think I might be about ten or eleven years old. I felt so odd in my mind, as if I were shaken: somewhat strange came over me, a great dread. I felt so frightened, I dared not be left alone. I was so fearful and full of tremblings that I could not tell what ailed me, or what was the matter. I used to look on the world, and I thought it looked dismal. I used to have such fits of crying I could give no reason for to anyone. I used to wonder what could be the matter. I used to wander about the fields by myself, and had very dismal thoughts about the world. I remember one day wandering over a hill at the bottom of my mother's garden; there was a big rock hollowed out, and I went in and sat down. Well, there came such a blessed comfort into my soul, but I knew nothing about where it came from, or what it meant. I should think

this must have been the Lord working in my heart; and these fears and tremblings must have been from Him, making me afraid of my wicked crimes; for I was at this time a very wild, unruly child, and as I grew up I cared for no restraint or correction; I was wilful, and obstinate, and chose my own way. These fears were soon off, and I heeded nothing; I chose my own path, the downward road to hell.

"When big enough to go out to service, I was hired at a farm house; I made a good servant, I loved work. The farmers were all glad to get me into their houses, I got through such a lot of work; and was as fond of frolic and play. I gave free license to my tongue. To my shame be it spoken, I could hardly open my mouth but I would fetch an oath; it was dreadful. I married very young. My husband was a very quiet, steady, and sober man; he was never fond of drink, nor of levity of any sort, like the rest of the young men. I used to despise him in my heart, and say, 'Well, what a fool I have got for a husband.' He'd just go right on with his work and take no notice of anything; backwards and forwards, down the lane and up again, to and fro, morning and night, day by day; it was always the same

with him. He'd just mind his own business and care for nothing else. 'Well, (I would think with myself,) what a dolt my Charles is!'

"Whenever he heard me curse and swear, he would rebuke me; but very mildly; he used to say, 'Sukey, I wish I could hear you talk without swearing; I wish you would leave off them words.' I was ready to hit him for downright rage. Excepting these bouts, we never had any miss words with each other, and a good reason why: he never gave me any, so then I had none to give him. Once I remember on a Sunday morning, he said to me (but very mildly), 'Sukey, you ought to get me a clean shirt to put on of a Sunday, and a pair of stockings mended, like any other poor man's wife.' I was sadly cut down at this remark, and I thought to myself, 'Well, what an oafish wife I must be not to know this before. I wonder how the other women do.' The next Saturday I went round and peeped into all the neighbours' houses. I found the women all busy washing their husbands' and children's things. I was badly hurt to find that I had-na' treated my husband as well as the rest of the folks. I went home and washed and mended his shirt and stockings; ever after that bout I took care to

have a clean shirt and stockings for him against Sunday. I used to make it a practice to go out to the shop for flour, tea, and butter, always on the Sunday morning. The woman that kept the shop always told me she did not like it, but I never heeded her. One Sunday, I took Charles along with me to carry some of the things; he made no more profession of religion than I did; we were quite ignorant. The woman said again, 'I wish you would not come on Sunday.' Charles would never let me go to the shop on Sundays after that. Well, I thought, what an oddity man he is, to mind what the woman says. But we neither of us knew any more about the Sabbath than the beasts of the field.

"We went to live at Church Stretton, where my child was born; afterwards we lived for a short time at Dorrington; and then removed to Ryton. We were at this time very well off—mighty well to live; we kept two pigs; we had enough and to spare; no lack of this world's goods. I made a sight of money, that was all I cared for in this world. I made acquaintance with all the idle, frivolous girls in the village. I should think that there was not the like to be found in all the country; hooting and bawling, shouting, gammocking and romping. On the

Sabbath morning, we used to collect together in a large barn, dancing and revelling, and fooling away the time. I was a very good tuner on the fiddle, and they used to dance. This is the way my Sabbaths were spent.

"But for all this I was proud enough of my moral conduct. I never went further than what I have named in profligacy. I thought I was a mighty good sort of woman, and very moral. I never told a lie, so far as I remember; it must have been the Lord that kept my black tongue from telling lies in the days of my ignorance. My word would settle a dispute amongst the neighbours, I had such a character for speaking the truth. There was the same black deceit in my heart as in any other, but it was the Lord who gave me a real abhorrence of falsehood. I never thought about such a thing as religion; to be sure I used to hear talk sometimes, but it was with deaf ears. I used to answer it to myself, 'Well, it's for the gentlefolks to mind religion, and for such as are fine scholars.' I used to wonder sometimes on a Sunday what the folks went to church for. I used to see 'em pass to and fro, and I would like puzzle my mind a bit. Then I would consider, 'Well, this is for the gentlefolks.' I was not suffered to take any formalist ways;

what I was I was, out and out before all, brazen-faced. I have often thought of my brazen-face. My disposition was evil, my inclination was evil; my heart and life were evil; the imaginations of my thoughts were evil. I was clean lost, and as insensible as the stones under my feet.

"The first thing that gave a turn to my manner of living, was being called on by two women, neighbours, who wished me to go with them to meeting. I refused; but when they came again and pressed me very much, I began to fear they would call me a bad neighbour; so to please them I went. I paid no attention to what was going on there. When I came home, I found that a currant cake I had made for my brother, who was sick at the Black Lion, had been stolen out of my house. This made me so angry, that I said I would ne'er go to meeting any more. The next day came round, and they came again; I was still afraid of being called a bad neighbour, so I yielded and went along with 'em. When I came home, I found that my husband, and house, and all, had like to have been burnt. Charles had set his shirt sleeve on fire, and the flame rose up and caught the timber, and it had all like to have been burnt. Now I was determined I would

go no more to meeting, and when the two women came next time, I said, 'The devil has been at our house, I will ne'er go with you any more.' The meeting used to be held at one of the women's houses. But these two would come and pester me to go to church or chapel. I put them off a good while; they still kept teasing me; at last I said, 'Well, I must have a new gown, and a new bonnet, and a new shawl, and then perhaps I may go.' I sold my pig, and bought these things; and I went with the women to church next Sabbath. I went two or three times in my new things; the women were almost ashamed of my company, I had dressed myself out such a sight; but they dared not say a word to me, fearing I should leave off going. The devil had fine possession of my heart then. 'Ah!' thought I, 'I am now godly, I'm a right good neighbour now.' I made a god of these women, but I hated them. I kept thinking all the while that they were gathered together against me, and so I feared them, so 'feared of bearing a bad character with them. But I was ignorant of a holy God. I was ignorant of my vileness, my devilish, hellish heart; my sins were hid from my sight, but my God knew me though I knew not Him, as shall hereafter appear. He chas-

tised me, He chused me, and He began to work in my poor dark soul; though I knew not His hand, yet His hand was with me, lugging me, teasing me, pulling me to Himself, and I scrambling to get away. Oh! blessed be His holy name for ever, it was all His own doing, and He shall have all the honour. I followed the women two or three times to church and chapel in my new things. It was now my trouble began; I soon flung away the new things; it was the devil made me put them on, and it was the devil made me throw them off; he had possession of my heart, At last I went such a sight to church, with my cap all collared and the strings dangling about. Well, the women were ashamed of my company again, just in the other extreme; but they durst not speak about it, I was such an odd woman, so hampered and entangled by the devil and my wicked heart.

"This was my trouble, the thought that these women had got something that I had-na' got, this was it that troubled me. All day long my thoughts were hampered, my mind was tossicated about this thing: 'What have these women got? I wish I knew what they have got.' Oh, I was sore distressed; I was heavily burdened; I was weary, weary in mind to know

somewhat about it. Nothing that ever I heard in church or chapel at that time ever struck my mind. I never paid attention there, my trouble wasn't brought on by the word of man; I could tell no man what ailed me, not even my husband. I did-na' know, I could-na' find out myself what was the matter; I would for ever make some light excuse, to know what they two were about. I would peep into old Nancy Smith's door, she would come out, the big tears standing in her eyes, and the book in her hand: well, I hated her. Then I'd go to the other; 'Sukey, (she'd say,) do come and sit down, and I'll read to you a bit.' Well, I'd say and think to myself, I do hate to come nigh 'em. Then I would look upon her countenance; Oh! what a blessed look I thought she had in the midst of all her poverty and outward wretchedness. She is a deal worse off than myself, thought I, though I am miserable and she is blessed. What does it mean? They must have somewhat; I wish I knew what they have found. Then I'd go home pondering on this matter, puzzling my foolish brains to find out what they'd got: tossed to and fro; I was weary, weary, weary: day and night I could find no rest. Oh! I wanted something I could-na' get. I began to think there must be a God; then I

thought, these women know that God. They used to tell me I must pray; so in hopes of knowing their God, I did pray, that is, I said the Lord's Prayer o'er and o'er and o'er again; this was all the praying I knew. I used to take great notice of the clouds. Well, I'd think, what can it be? is it smoke out of all the chimnies gone and settled up there? then again I'd think it can-na' be smoke; sometimes they be all cleared off. Well, there must be a God to make these. I now began to be in great terror, it's impossible to say what confused thoughts I had at this time; no heart but those that have experienced it can tell what dreadful feelings, and tremblings, and shakings possessed my mind.

"This was the way my God was leading me to Himself. One Sabbath when I was at church, this thought came to my mind: Suppose those great big clouds should burst and fall upon my head; suppose this church should fall upon me. Well, I began to be in such terror; then I thought, it will not fall down upon those two women; I'll get close against Nancy Rowland, then I shall be safe. I made a great clatter in the church, changing my place; all the folks would stare at me, I was such a poor crack-brained thing. One day I went to Nancy Row-

land's as usual to see if I could find out what she had got. She said, 'Sukey, do come in and stop and take a dish of tea with me;' I said, 'Well, I will.' While the kettle was boiling, she read a tract to me; I never paid the least attention to it: not one word could I tell what it was about. Her children came in, she cut 'em each a bit of bread, they took it and seemed thankful; they made their obeisance to me and went off. Then Nancy took and cut me such nice thin slices of bread and butter, honouring me like. I wondered at it, and I looked at her poverty and rags. Well, I thought, her has got something, I wish I knew what she has got. When I came home, it came into my head to take her some bread and bacon; I cut her ever such a lot and carried it up to her house. I thought she would be glad of it, and would think me such a good neighbour. She seemed to take so little heed of it, she put her hands on the table and looked up; she was silent; I know now what she was doing, she was giving God thanks, but I then thought she ought to have thanked me more. Ah! how ignorant I was. I went on in this way for three-quarters of a year, all beside one fortnight. I was in a dreadful, distressed, tossicated state, the poorest, destitutest creature on the face of the earth.

I knew no God, that was the thing that kept me so wretched; I was such a harum-scarum, senseless thing, and very wicked. Nancy Smith would often rebuke me, she lived close up against me, so she heard so much of it. How I would curse and swear at the least thing that put me out of the way. She used to put her head out of the door and say, 'Oh! Sukey Harley, hell will be your portion.' I hated her; I thought she would tell Nancy Rowland, and they would think me a bad neighbour. I remember one very wet day seeing her pass my door to a meeting up at Leath Hill. I said to Charles, 'Well, what a foolish old woman that is to go to those hypocrisy meetings! I do wonder what she can mean.' Then I would be all in a puzzle again, What can these two women have got between them? I hated them, and yet I was always hankering after them. I thought if I could but find out what they knew, I could prove their hypocrisy words; but I could not tell what to say to them, because they *did* know somewhat which I could not get at; so that I was clean done-up with them; I could never find how to answer them. I would sometimes think of that word, *hell;* this would fasten on my mind, this must be somewhat dreadful. Some nights I would be afraid of

closing my eyes, lest I should tumble into hell.

"One day I was fluttered about two little pigs, I could-na' get them into the sty. I cursed and swore at them as usual. Old Nancy Smith came and said, 'Oh, Sukey, Sukey, thee must be born again!' Well, these words confounded me, they clean updid me. What *can* the old hypocrite mean? I soon clapped the pigs into the sty, and went off to Nancy Rowland's. I loved her better than the other, because she was meeker. I said, 'What do you think that old Methodist woman says to me?' 'What?' 'Why, she says I must be born again!' 'Now,' says I, 'Nancy, how can this be? if it is in the Bible I will believe it.' She was silent, but she reached the Bible, and found the place, and read the words, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.' Well, did I believe 'em? No; I had no faith; how could I believe? And I say, No sinner can believe, nor do the least thing towards it, till the Lord is pleased to send him that true faith down from heaven; then he believes, but never till then; and if he think he does, it is only the deceit of the devil and his own heart. This is how it was with me, and by that I think it must be the same with others too. I could not

believe those words for all they were read to me out of the Bible. I said, Nancy, how can it be? And which way is it to be done? How is it I never heard this before? Now, suppose my mother is dead, why, what a thing this is, and I never to hear this before. Well, I said, what a lot here is to be done. How am I come to this age, six-and-twenty and more, and never been told this before. Well, these words 'bided with me, I could not get shut on 'em. 'Thee must be born again.' I had no more understanding of them than a dead corpse. I was rumpled and fluttered in my mind to find out the sense of these words. I heard nothing of what the woman said about it, but I was led like to ponder them over and over in my mind. I seemed to be all the while, in my confused way, going to God, though for all I did not know Him. I did feel that it was only He that could give me satisfaction. Oh! I thought, if I did but know *their* God, then I should know all about it. Well, He was lugging me to Himself all the while, but I was so ignorant and foolish, I was as a beast before Him. I often think of that verse, *Psalm* lxxiii. 22; aye, and I am the very same now, just like a beast. Well, I began to grow worse and worse, more full of perplexed thoughts than ever; I was

tossed to and fro. What was I to do? I did-na' know what to do. The reason I don't know God is, because I cannot read. Those two women are such fine scholars; they can read such a sight of books. They can pray, they have got such a sight of prayers, and I only know this one. Then I thought I must have a new prayer, the old prayer won't do. I kept repeating it over and over again, but I wanted a new prayer. I mourned, I cried to God to teach me a new prayer; yes, I said to my dear Father in heaven—for He was my Father though I did not know Him—and I cried to Him, and mourned before Him, I begged Him to teach me a new prayer. These words clapped into my mind,—(Lord, lead me into the true knowledge of Thy dear Son). I never heard that God had a Son, yet these words came into my heart. It was the prayer God taught me Himself, no one else taught me. I never, never heard what those two women would be bantering me about. I was so tossicated with my own thoughts, I gave no heed to their words. The Lord put those words into my heart. I seemed quite rejoiced that *their* God had taught me. He had eked out my prayer a little longer, for I still kept saying the Lord's Prayer, and added those new words

to the end of it. I never coveted any fresh words after this. Well, I prayed this new prayer for about a fortnight. On the Sunday night after the fortnight, I went with the women to chapel; I was in a dreadful, awful state. Oh! what a dreadful state I was in! I thought I was going to hell, and I counted nine other women in the chapel that I thought would come with me. Those two, I thought, would go to heaven; they were for none of my company. This was what I was thinking, counting the people, putting them which I thought were for heaven, and which were for hell. Myself, I thought, was sure to go to hell; but I thought I had not yet done enough to go to hell. Then a dreadful thought came into my head: I wonder if I can find Charles's knife; suppose I were to kill him; suppose I were to kill my child. Oh! I were in a dreadful, awful state that night at chapel. When we came out I got close behind those two women. I was afear'd the clouds would fall down upon my head. I was just like a crazy thing. I heard the old woman say to the other, 'O Nancy, Nancy, there's some precious soul called to-night.' Ah! who should it be but me? Yet I knew it not. I said to myself, 'What does that old Methodist fool mean?'

When I got home I went into a very dismal, heartless way. I thought I was going to hell; where was the use of my praying any more? I was tempted to give in praying. I thought I should never know *their* God. Before I went to bed, I got into the dark corner, and, as usual, I began in my way to pray those words. I thought I felt the devil pulling me by the hair of the head, yet I held fast by the table. I was afear'd to go to sleep that night, I thought I should tumble into hell; and that thought about Charles's knife troubled me.

"On the Monday morning while I was eating my breakfast (but I had no stomach to eat), it was after Charles was gone to work, these words entered my mind, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me' (Rev. iii. 20). I said, 'This is the text the man had for his sermon last night.' Well, it was! but I had-na' heard it then. I heard it now, though; all the words came quite plain into my heart. Oh! I thought, suppose it should be THEIR God at the door! Oh, how joyful I would get up and loose Him the door! Now, I thought, I can ne'er give in praying,

those words have so encouraged me. I went up the ladder into my bedroom, and began to pray. I made such a noise the folks might have heard me in the street. I was afear'd I should frighten my child; I came down and looked at her; she was a little one, eating her breakfast. I went up again, and did not stop long. I came down again and filled the child's bag with meat, and sent her off to school; I put her out at the door and locked and bolted it. Then I said with all my strength, I will never open this door again till I know *their* God. I stuffed the windows with all the old rags I could find; I could not bear the light; then I went down on my knees in the dark corner and began praying these same words that I used to do, the same words over and over and over again,—the Lord's Prayer, and, 'Lord, lead me into the true knowledge of Thy dear Son.' I felt as if I would have pulled the roof over my head, I went tearing and tearing at it with such vehement earnestness. Well, who put that strong cry into my heart? Was it from myself? No; but He gave it me and forced me to cry out, because it was His own blessed will to hear me and answer me. I felt Him come; it's past my talking about! Such a wonderful time; it's

clean past telling. No words can express the feelings of my heart at this time. He fetched me off my knees; I started up: I cannot find words to express the wonderful doings of that blessed moment. Well, this is part of it. He showed me all my sins that I had committed even from a child. Yes, that bit of pink ribbon I had stolen from my doll's cap, came upon me. He showed me how for that one sin I might have been sent to hell, and He would have been just. Oh! He showed me my black desert, how I had deserved to go to hell; what a reprobate I had been, and how like a devil I had walked upon the earth; how I had angered Him with my sinfulness. My heavy sins and my vileness came upon me. Oh! He appeared such a holy God, such a heavenly, bright and glorious Being; suppose He had said to me then at that awful moment, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed,' He would have been just, and to hell I must have gone.

"Oh! what a holy God mine is. Well, I was lost, I could-na' tell what to do; lost in wonder, lost in surprise; yet all this time He kept me from being frightened. I had been frightened, but not now; there was somewhat that held me from being frightened. He seemed to tell me all my sins were forgiven.

I had such a sight inwardly of my dear Redeemer's sufferings; how He was crucified, how He hung on the cross for me; it was as if He showed me what I deserved, yet He seemed to say, He had suffered that desert. It was as if He made it so plain to me, how that He would save me, because it was His own blessed will to save me. It was as if He had shown me how He had chosen me from the foundation of the world. He would have mercy on me because He would have mercy.

"I never knew what sin was till now, but He showed me what it was; how black, how dreadful. I felt it was my just desert to go to hell. He would have been just and holy to send me there. I was so lost in wonder, that I said, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, make hell ten thousand times hotter before Thou sendest me there.' These were my very words; I can tell the words, but the feeling I cannot tell. But He saved me till I was so overwhelmed that I did-na' know what to do. I can truly say, since that blessed morning, I have a Saviour and a Redeemer, yes, I have; ever since that blessed time, my dear and heavenly Father has kept me in His dear hands, and guided me and counselled me Himself. Well, I went and unblocked the windows, cleared away all the

dirty rags, and let in the blessed light of the sun, the glorious light, my Father's light. I unbolted the door and opened it. I looked out: what a glorious sight! I saw my God in everything; the clouds, those clouds I had so often puzzled over; my God was in the clouds. The trees, the hedges, the fields, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, showed me that I had a God. All things were new to me; I was unbound, I was loosed; yes, I wondered at it. I went to old Nancy Smith's door and looked in, I could not speak; she said, 'Sukey, what's the matter?' I could make no answer; off I ran to the other; I was enabled to tell her somewhat, but very little; I could not find words to express the goodness of God to me. I now understood and believed these words, 'Ye must be born again.' This blessed state continued a good while; I felt the happiest creature, the joyfullest woman on the face of the earth. My God enabled me from that very time to break loose from all my vain companions in the flesh: they thought it very hard, yes, and so did I too, but my heavenly dear Father called me out from them, and I followed Him, I dared not do otherwise; I was set clean off at a distance from them. Ever since that blessed morning I have been a

lone soul on the face of the earth: 'a sparrow alone upon the house-top.' I often think of that verse, it suits me. It was no great while after this, I had a desire to read; I longed to read the blessed Word for myself. I got my little wench to teach me the letters; she used to grow sleepy, so I would give her two suppers of a night to encourage her; all the while I was praying to my God to enable me to learn. She brought me on as far as this—God is love, God is light; and these very words came over me; when I spelt out the words, they came into my heart. I thought, My God *is* love, He *is* light, He can teach me Himself. I wanted no more teaching of Mary; from that time I would take my book, and go down on my knees, and look up to my heavenly Father, and beg of Him to teach me. I used to spell out the words, and then look up to know how to call them. Oh! how I felt at these times; I can give no description of my feelings, but I had this confidence given me, that He would teach me to read His blessed Word: and He did teach me; it was surprising how He put the words into my mind and memory; yes, I can truly say, 'I have been taught by God.'

"It was not long after this time that we removed to Pulverbach, where we now live.

It is now between twenty and thirty years since the blessed morning of my conversion. My God has been with me all this time. I have known heavy seasons of sorrow, great darkness, bitter distress; I have been sorely tempted of Satan, and plagued with the corruptions of my own heart. Oh! what heavy temptations I have been under for days and days together; I have just sat still on my chair, tempted and buffeted of Satan; I have not had the least power to do one hand's turn for my own defence; a poor, helpless creature, a straitened, weary thing; sorely tempted to believe that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. Oh! the fiery darts of the evil One, they have pierced my poor soul through and through. Yes, I know what sore temptations mean; yet in all this my God has been with me still. He has never left me nor forsaken me. No, He has never suffered me entirely to lose hold of that blessed hope, that blessed assurance, which He gave me that morning, that He had made me His child, and that He would save me. It is my God who teaches me to profit. It is He who comforts me. He sends down His Holy Spirit into my heart, and brings my dear Redeemer's sufferings to my remembrance; then I can bear all. This

is the thing that bears me up in the midst of all my sorrows. Oh! how He reveals my Saviour to me. Yes, I can truly say, I have known Christ on earth; I have known Him from a babe to a man, crucified and slain for my sins; from the manger to the cross. The nails, the thorns, the spear,—my sins pierced Him then. Oh! when He brings these things upon me, my hard heart is melted; then I can mourn; the enemy is then vanquished; he shirks off; my Jesus comes into my soul. If Christ were not to come into my soul, what a devil and blundering heart here would be together. But this is the way my God leads me, and He has brought me to know it. He holds me down with the one hand, and lifts me up with the other. He chastens and cuts me with one hand, and strengthens and comforts me with the other. Oh! the tender mercies of my God to me. How He has revealed my Saviour to me! He blesses His Word to my soul; He corrects me; He chastens me in love and He orders my way before Him, and sends down His Holy Spirit to comfort me. Heaven is my home! Oh! bless and praise His holy name for ever."

This account was shewn in manuscript to

many friends; and amongst them to the late Mr. Bourne, then residing in London, but afterwards minister of the Gospel at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire. He had heard of her before; and had made some enquiries respecting her, which had led to her dictating a letter to him, which will be found in the pages of this memoir. But, on reading the full account of her case as above detailed, he wrote to her as follows:—

"*London, Nov. 8th,* 1836.

"Dear Friend in the Lord,

"I have read your 'Account' with great delight, and sweet spiritual refreshment; and bless God for displaying His sovereign pleasure, in choosing out of a wicked world the least likely in all the village where you dwelt. You can never boast of your goodness or natural wisdom, but can with me say, 'It is of His free mercy He has saved us, by the washing of regeneration.' True enough, you could not find out how you were to be born again; yet you at last perceived that this spiritual wind blew where it listed, though you could not tell whence it came or whither it went: 'So is every one that is born of the Spirit' (John iii. 8). I was much encouraged by your description of the

way the Lord taught you to read—is anything too hard for Him? No. This ought to encourage you and me to come boldly to a throne of grace with all our wants, and not (as we are so ready to do) go everywhere else. We have all a most foolish feeling that an arm of flesh can do wonders; but this is one thing the Lord will be continually striking at all our days; and will never cease to show us by various means that none but Jesus Christ can do helpless sinners good. How the Lord in all your ignorance instructed you agreeably to His written Word! There is no salvation for sinners but through Jesus Christ. This revelation was made known to you; and the Lord, the Spirit, put that prayer into your heart, 'Lord, bring me into the true light and knowledge of Thy dear Son.' This prayer was heard, and He came into your heart with all His saving benefits. Thus His coming drove out all other objects,—all your fiddling, dancing, swearing, and all other vanities, the Lord cast into the depths of the sea of His love, and left you no desire to return to them. 'What fruit had you in those things whereof you are now bitterly ashamed?' What fruit? Misery and wretchedness was the fruit. But what fruit found you in the revelation of Jesus Christ to your soul?

The fruit was love, joy, peace, goodness, mercy, and many more fruits of the Spirit; which are always found when He has possession of the heart. And when we walk in the Spirit, and in the sweet enjoyment of these things, what a discovery by the Spirit we often find of the pride of the heart! These evil beasts will show their heads; that corrupt principle called the old man will often seek for the mastery, and fight for it too. And this is the reason the Lord tells us to endure hardness as good soldiers, and put on the whole armour of God, not our fleshly armour, but God's strength, which shall be made perfect in our weakness. So, my dear friend, when you are attacked by any of these evil beasts, and they bring on great fears, mind, with the fears, there are also many confessions and cries; and then your weakness will be manifest, and you will come to the right place where God sends this help, 'Let the weak say, I am strong.' This causes hope to abound and courage to increase, and we again press on, and Christ our captain never leaves us, but leads us on to victory. May this be your happy lot, not to be discouraged because of the way; but rather look at the almighty arm of our blessed Redeemer, and see if we can 'sink with such

a prop, that holds the world and all things up.'

"From yours in the Lord,

"J. BOURNE.

"*To Sukey Harley.*"

EARLY in the year 1826, the cottage in which she then resided had been burnt to the ground. Her feelings at the time had been very remarkable; and many years afterwards she gave the following vivid account of them.

"It was Sunday morning. I was sitting all alone by myself, my husband and child were gone to church. I was very poorly in body, and sore distressed in mind. I had the devil with me, he had been with me for several days; he had been tempting me all manner of ways; he had been trying to pull away my faith. My sins lay heavy on my heart, very heavy. My heavy sins, ever since the day of my conversion, terrified my conscience and afflicted me, and pressed sore upon me; they were a heavy burden, too heavy for me. My Saviour had hid His face. His precious blood was clean out of my sight. My sinful, wicked heart and the crafty devil were all the company I had; we were shut up in the house together. I lived in a lone house; no one lived within half a mile

of me besides one man, named John Morgan, who 'bided under the same roof, in another part of the house. He had gone out early in the morning, and left a large fire in the grate. The enemy was tempting me all manner of ways, and I almost believed him: he told me that my God had clean forsaken me, and that my blessed Jesus had hid His blessed face from me for ever. He said that I was never a child of God; that I had been all these years in a delusion; that my sins were too great to be pardoned; that I had sinned against pardoning: that the just and holy God would never call me His child; that I was too filthy, too polluted a wretch to be noticed by Him; and all manner of things he crammed into my sinful, guilty heart. One thing he said was, that against March, when the high winds blow, the house would be blown down, and I tumbled into hell. Well, he had the upper hand of me, and I was sorely sifted in my spirit, and had not one word to answer to him, because I felt myself so cursed. Oh! what a woeful plight I was in on that dismal morning. I thought, Well, what a thing this is. Is it true? Have I been all these years in a delusion? Just as I was thinking this, I perceived the smell of burning. The house filled with

smoke, and I said, What, is the house on fire? I was so very weak and poorly, I could hardly crawl to the door. I looked out and saw the roof of my house all on fire. Now the devil triumphed; he told me, and he almost made me believe it, too, that this would never have happened to me if I had been a child of God; he really made it out so clear that this disaster could not have befallen one of the elect children of God, that I was clean driven beside myself. What, he said, don't you think God would defend one of His own children? You are none of His; you have been in a delusion all these years. Oh! what a dismal condition I was in then. I durst not look up, no, I durst not; I hardly dare cry for help. I knew the holy and righteous God was just and righteous in all His ways, and I thought I had been offending His glorious Majesty all these years. I was such a black, foul wretch, how dared I call Him Father?

"I stood upon the causeway, and kept looking at my burning house; but from that day to this I could never describe the deadly sickness, the frightful terror that seized my inmost soul. Oh! it is very solemn to speak of. I believed the devil's lies when he told me that God would never have suffered this to happen

to one of His children; yes, I did believe it, and took it for a real sign and standing proof that I was right down deceived in all my blessed hopes, and that I should never be found among the true elect children of God; and, as I stood looking at the fire, I cried out with an exceedingly bitter cry, I cried out with a loud voice and said, 'I am undone, I am lost, I am undone for ever.'

"Was it my house I cared for? No, but it was because I thought all my heavenly and golden treasures were lost. Then I fell down all along upon the grassy bank before my burning house. I had no power either to attempt to save anything myself, or to call for assistance. As for going into the burning house, I dared not do it; I thought the flames were ready to devour me, and I was the guiltiest wretch; my sins, my black sins, were ready to swallow me up; I kept lamenting my woeful case. What, I said, is this true? Have I been all these years in a delusion? Is my blessed hope come to nought at last? Is my precious Saviour clean gone for ever? Will He be favourable no more? Will He be no longer my Father, my Redeemer? Oh! what shall I do? Then I began to think what a blessed confidence I had had in Him, and

how I thought He had told me Himself that I should be His child, and that He would save me and be a Father to me, and an Almighty Redeemer. Then I began to think what a boast I had made of Him, and how I had published abroad to all the world that I had got a Saviour and a God; and now I thought, Is it all gone to this? What, is all my hope gone? Oh, what shall I do? Then I began to think what blessed things He had done for me. Why, said I to myself, I thought He had been pleased to reveal His name in me, and teach me to read His Word, and call Him my Saviour: and now has it been a delusion? How can this be? Did He not teach me to pray to Him? and has He not times and times blessed His Word to me? And was it not Himself who taught me to read His Word? I thought it was He, I thought He had done all these things for me, and now is He going to forsake me? Oh, my woeful case, my sins, my heavy sins, my black sins! Oh, this is what has done it, this is what has done it; and I cried out like David, yes, I roared, in this disquietness of my soul.

"I suppose if anyone had come along and seen me lying all along upon the grass, and my house on fire, they would have thought me

a desperate fool, and so I was, the devil's fool. But what could they have known about that? That's not the way they would have put it. They would have said, 'Why not go and pull the things out of the house? what is the use of lying and crying there? go and get assistance, and try to save what you can.' Oh! they know nothing at all about it! My heavenly, my blessed, my only hope was now gone, and what good would man's assistance do me? What did I care for my house? What did I care for all the things that were in it? let them burn, let them burn. How can I take thought for them? My God is gone, my sins have driven Him away. What is all the world to me in this hour of darkness? All is loss and dross; my house is in the shadow of death.

"Well, I kept crying and bemoaning, and lamenting myself thus. I hardly dared to look up to God for help; I thought He was clean gone, I almost feared, for ever. My sins had hid His mercy from me, and Satan told me my hope was gone for ever; all was lost. Ah! but it was not lost though; that was a lie. The blessed and merciful Lord in heaven, He heard my dolorous cry. Blessed for ever be His most holy and glorious Name, He heard

my pitiful cry, He saw my tears; He had compassion on me in His own time, He came to my relief, He darted into my soul. He rebuked the tempter. Then was the devil vanquished. The blessed Jesus put him to flight in a moment, and the blessed Jesus took possession of my sorrowful soul. He brought joy in turn of my heavy sorrow. He assured me over and over again that He was my Saviour and my Deliverer, and that He would never leave me nor forsake me. I felt His precious blood sufficient to wash away all my sins, and my soul was joyful in God my Saviour.

"He strengthened me marvellously; it is impossible for me to describe rightly the wondrous change He wrought upon me. I who was so weak, so poorly, that I had been hardly able to crawl out of the house, and to throw myself on the grass, in one moment was strengthened and invigorated, and replenished with all I stood in need of. Then I banged into the burning house, I cared neither for flames nor falling rafters, nor timbers, nor yet for the devil, my mortal foe, for my Saviour was with me, He was my defence. Oh! how safe I was! How safe I felt in Him! He and I were alone together in the burning house.

"Well, first I got hold of my box of books, where my precious Bible was, and I flung it out of the window into the garden; then I went upstairs and heaved up the tub where the bacon was; I had been salting a pig that week; it was as much as two men could have carried downstairs, the flitches and hams lay together in the tub. I bore it up with the strength the Lord had given me, and by His help I carried it down stairs, and took it out of the house and set it in the garden. Then I went to the clock and carried it out, weights and all. Then again up stairs, and began to throw out the bedding; and next I set myself to unscrew the bedstead. While I was doing this, John Merrick, who had seen the flames at a distance, came running out of breath to my assistance. Poor fellow, he came wringing his hands, and making such a do. 'O, Sukey, Sukey, what a bad job this is. How did this happen? What shall I do?' Oh, poor fellow, if he could but have understood; but he could not have understood if I had told him. This was no bad job for me, for by it I proved the tender mercies of God to me unworthy. We soon got the bedstead down; then John went to the corner cupboard; in it there were cups and saucers and all kinds

of crockery ware, and there was a small jug of milk which had been given me in the morning. There was no time to take anything out of the cupboard, but John tore it away by main strength, dragging hooks and staples and all along with it out of the wall. Just as he had done this, there came crowds of people hastening to the place; they had seen the flames at a distance, as they were coming out of church, and men, women, and children, all in a throng hurried to the spot. I had enough of helpers then. Ah! but it was the Lord who had done all for me. He had brought that sweet comfort into my soul, or what good would such as them have done me?

"We soon got the house cleared. No one dared to attempt to save anything out of John Morgan's house, for the fire having begun on his side of the house, the flames had reached too high before it was discovered. The people were all satisfied about it. I lost one small three-legged table, which I had lent him. Besides that, there was not one thing missing of all my goods. This was how the Lord would have it. It was all His doing. I hardly know what I was about all this time I was saving my goods, my soul was so joyful in God my Saviour. I was clean beside myself, to

think of His wondrous love to me, unworthy, black, polluted, hell-deserving sinner.

"When all the goods were out of the house, and the roof fell in, and the flames rose up, and the smoke, then I looked and wondered at it. It was a fearful sight to think what my sins had deserved, and what a deliverance the Lord had brought me. My soul had been just ready to fall into the lowest hell, and He stretched out His hand and plucked me from the burning. What great salvation He sent to my poor soul in that hour of darkness; I could take no thought about my poor body; but now He took care of that, and saved for me those worldly things, which, in that hour of darkness, I could take no thought about. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

"When the people saw all the things I had carried out single-handed, they looked and wondered; there were many more things than what are named in this paper. My memory would not serve to tell them all; the loaves of bread, and pork pies, a whole peck of flour, I got them all out of the house together; but how or which way I did it I cannot tell; but this I know, when I came to look at the loads of things I had brought out by myself, I truly wondered at it, and so did the people. Why,

Sukey, they said, you never brought out *that*, and you never carried out *this?* What, all by yourself? No, no (I might have said to them, but they could not have understood me), *I* did it! no, it was my God. He carried the things for me. And this I know, for I had not the least power that ever was, till He sent that wonderful strength into my soul, aye, and into my body too; so by this I know that it was His doing; I was wholly taken up and lifted out of myself, with the abundance of consolation which had flowed into my soul, by His restoring to me those blessed and heavenly things which I though had fled for ever. I was taking no thought for my poor body, or earthly goods, all the while I was carrying my goods out of the house. It was surely the Lord who kept me alive that day in the midst of the fire. Yes, He kept me alive and gave me life, both bodily and spiritually; so I say, Let Him have all the praise.

"When I came to open the corner cupboard, not a single cup was chipped, nor the least thing broken or spoiled in any way. And there was the jug of milk standing on the shelf exactly as I had put it in on the morning, not one drop, or but one, spilled upon the board. Well, at the sight of that jug of milk, how His

mercies came afresh into my mind, to think that He should put forth His hand to save my jug of milk! And the people all saw it and wondered at it; but as for me, I knew how it was; it was the blessed Lord's doings, to teach my soul His tender mercies.

"Well, the folks, they fetched a waggon, and put all the things into it, and they were carried up to Star's Coppice, where my sister Winney Roberts lived; but I myself came down to Churton Square. Old Mat. Spencer asked me into her house, and fetched a bowl of water to wash me; I was soot, and black and smoke all over. Mr. C. and Mr. B. came to see me. Mr. B. said to me sorrowful like, 'Sukey, where will be your home now? you have got no home.' Oh, I often think of them words—'you have got no home.' But my home is in heaven,—yes, it *is*."

It must not be lost sight of, that in the early part of her life, Sukey was brought up in total ignorance of any religion whatever. Her education merely consisted in being taught to work so as to gain a livelihood in this world. God called her out of this state of ignorance

in the remarkable manner she has herself described, revealing His Son in her, "the hope of glory," and instructing her dark mind by the special guidance of His Holy Spirit in all the essential doctrines of our holy faith.

For some years after her conversion, the outward instruction which she received was not of that spiritually enlightened character as to bind her to its authority; therefore it cannot be wondered at, that during this period of her life she was prone to fall into many mistakes. How often was she brought deeply to adopt the language of the Psalmist,—yes, even to the end of her life—"So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before Thee" (Ps. lxxiii. 22). But it was her mercy also never to rest till she could feelingly add the next verse, "Nevertheless, I am continually with Thee. Thou hast holden me by my right hand."

In the years 1838, 1839, and 1842, Mr. Bourne (mentioned in page 29) spent several months at Pulverbach where Sukey Harley resided; and she with a few others became regular attendants on his ministry. God blessed the preaching of His Word by the mouth of His servant, to her great profit and spiritual instruction. She had never before

attended on a ministry where she felt "her hidden life and righteousness in Jesus Christ" (as she used to express herself) were understood. Under it she became much more disciplined in mind, and meekened in spirit. By the grace of God she was always, sooner or later, made to fall under the reproofs of the preached word; the power of which she could not withstand, though occasionally held for a time under the bondage of a naturally high unbending spirit. An instance of this kind shall here be inserted, as an example of the exceeding workings of pride in the natural heart, and the all-conquering power of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ when He puts forth His hand to the work of subduing it. None can know, till experimentally taught it, either the faintings and scatterings of Christ's true Church while they are "as sheep not having a shepherd;" or the resistance and perverseness of that "flesh in them which lusteth against the Spirit," when subjected to spiritual discipline.

On one occasion in the autumn of the year 1839, Mr. Bourne preached from the words, Psalm xxxi. 20, "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence from the pride of man; Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion

from the strife of tongues." Sukey felt the discourse levelled against the pride of her heart; but the immediate effect of this conviction was the stirring up of the evil principle within her, more and more; so that her spirit (as she afterwards expressed it) became all in an *uproar*. It worked enmity and wrath and all manner of evils, which in the corrupt nature are ever ready to boil up and threaten destruction to the tempted child of God, till the Spirit of God lifts up a standard against them (Isaiah lix. 19). Poor Sukey was thus tried and thus tempted at the time alluded to; her corruptions were too strong for herself to manage. While in this condition she went to her friends at the Rectory, and bitterly complained that Mr. Bourne had preached the sermon against *her*, she knew, and it made her feel very angry. They read to her some remarks which Mr. B. had, on a former occasion, made on Micah vii. 19. As these remarks are both pertinent, and also calculated to afford instruction and comfort to such as feel utterly destitute of all help in themselves when overtaken by a storm of this kind, they are here inserted. "He will subdue our iniquities," etc. "The Lord does this by other means than we expect. He sets our iniquities

before our eyes, and makes us feel the tumultuous effect of them upon our spirits; then we cry to Him for mercy under fear and terror, by which means He shows us the value of a Saviour's blood. Exodus xv. is descriptive of the effects of the Lord's grace upon our outbreaking corruptions. 'Thou stretchedst out Thy right hand . . . all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away. Fear and dread shall fall upon them; by the greatness of Thine arm they shall be as still as a stone.' When this arm of the Lord is revealed, where is pride and enmity then? Where is strife and contention? Where is every evil thing? They are all gone. These evil beasts creep into their dens when this sun arises. They cannot show themselves. Thus are we hidden in God's pavilion from our own iniquity, and kept safe in the secret of His presence, from our own pride, and the strife of our own tongues."

When Sukey had heard this paper read, she said, "Now *that* I feel every word. I know it is all true, for my experience goes along with it." But she was much surprised when told, that the sermon on Sunday had expressed the very same experience. "Well (she added) what a foolish ignorant woman I am; I know

nothing at all! I have often felt the truth of what you have been reading, and received comfort from it times without number; but I did not know that what I heard on Sunday was the very same. I was so filled with anger against Mr. B., I hardly knew what he said." She now appeared much convicted and ashamed of many things, and said she deserved the reproof, and was thankful for what had been read to her, for her spirit had been all in an uproar just as that describes. On her return home, she found Mr. B. himself at her cottage; and having, during her walk, reflected much on what had passed, she was full of godly sorrow and repentance. Mr. B. afterwards gave the following account to a friend at a distance:—

"Sukey Harley said on seeing me, 'Oh! how I have sinned! how full of confusion has my mind been! I tried to persuade myself all was right, but could not; all was turmoil; and while I kept saying, "My blessed Jesus taught me and not man," I never felt more miserable, though I tried hard to persuade myself I was happy, and that my God was with me. I could not pray, I felt nothing but anger. At last the ladies read me a letter, containing an old sermon of yours, and I came away from them with a

little help—my proud heart began to humble. As I walked on and considered what they had read, I saw the pride of my heart had caused me to be angry, and I begun to cry and to pray to the Lord Jesus to have mercy upon me. Somehow I prayed for you, as a blessed man, and thanked the Lord that He had sent you, for I would have it before that He had not sent you; and my heart went out in love and gratitude to Him, for sending a faithful friend to instruct us. Then my bondage began to give way, and at last my blessed Jesus showed His face, and brought me clean and clear out; so that now I am not able to say how happy I am, and how sure that the Lord has sent you to us. Oh, what need I have of being taught! Oh, my proud heart, how soon I am gone out of the way, but what mercy that the Lord brings me back." Mr. Bourne goes on to say in his letter, "Thus you see what a sore conflict Sukey has had. Her natural high spirit is, and always has been, a great trial to her. It was this high spirit, impatient of all contradictions, which had brought on the tumult in her feelings the week before; and perceiving it, I had been led on Sunday to speak from Psalm xxxi. 19, 20; yet so moderately, that none except ourselves

understood my immediate application to her case. Yet this discourse increased the tumult in her spirit, which was not brought down till the Tuesday following, as above described; when I think I never felt or saw in any one a greater sense of humiliation, or more clear and evident marks of the true grace of God, and its efficacy on the heart of a poor proud sinner. How she abased herself, and exalted her blessed Redeemer—and showed love and gratitude to me, as His instrument. I was greatly encouraged by this myself, and my soul partook in a measure of her joy; and we were never more fully united in spirit than on that day.—J. B."

The above incident sufficiently sets forth that the natural pride of her heart was, like that of others, ready on the least provocation to take the pre-eminence, and gain the ascendency over her; nor could she, till God with a mighty hand came to her deliverance, in any wise deliver herself. It is not the writer's intention to make out Sukey to be a perfect woman, or to exalt her in the flesh, but rather to magnify the grace of God, which so visibly and effectually wrought in her heart, as, sooner or later, to subject every thought to the obedience of Christ. Therefore, one more example shall be added, illustrative not only of

the foregoing observation, but also of the wonderful manner in which, by the almighty power and wisdom of God, the craft and malice of Satan are defeated, so that the very mistakes and blunders to which the children of God are continually liable, are so over-ruled as often to become the means of lasting instruction, as well as of deep humiliation; and thus they are made to understand and know the truth of His word, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose" (Rom. viii. 28). A very common mistake which in much ignorance Sukey used to make was this, that if on any occasion she was reproached or insulted, or in any way ill-used on account of her religion, she considered it right, by way of testifying her integrity or her attachment to the cause of God, to retaliate upon the offender with a degree of warmth quite unjustifiable upon Gospel grounds. She used to call this "fighting for her religion," and it may be supposed that during the course of twenty years many battles of this kind were fought, but on which side the victory turned may be considered doubtful.

A circumstance of this nature transpired about the end of the year 1839. She was one

day met as she was walking along the road by a young man who was both profligate and profane. He instantly set upon her, and began to ridicule and laugh at her religion, throwing out many bitter invectives against the cause of God. She, in her zeal to defend God's truth in her heart, rebuked his profane words with so much warmth and vehemence of language, that the contest between them grew to a very fiery pitch. But the more she endeavoured thus to defend the cause of God with carnal weapons, the more did she bring a reproach upon it. At length, having thus provoked her to wrath, the scoffer gained (as he thought) his point, which was to prove her a hypocrite, and God's truth a lie; and he made a fearful triumph of his victory. There were lookers on also, upon this occasion, who evidently enjoyed the scene, and were each wishing to make the most of it to suit his own ends.

Not many days afterwards, Sukey went to Pulverbach Rectory and related the whole affair herself. The family had heard of it before, through another channel, and had been greatly troubled at the circumstance. One of them gives the following relation of this interview, and the after results of it. "It was in

vain that we endeavoured to enlighten Sukey's eyes into the wrongness of suchlike proceedings. She would only reply, 'Why, I did-na care for myself, but he mocked God's truth, and was not I to *face* him? Yes: and I would do it again, too, except that I am sorry to hurt your feelings. I don'na care who braves me—gentle or simple folks, but I will brave them again. Wasn't it the wicked enmity in his heart against God that made him mock me? to be sure it was; and do you think I'll stand that? No; I must fight for my God as long as I live, let who will try to stop me.'" "Oh! Sukey, Sukey (I replied), how often you say that you are the greatest fool in this world! and surely it is this foolishness that makes you speak in this way. Can you not understand that you are fighting *against* God, and not *for* Him, in such ways as these?" "No (she answered) I can'na understand what you mean. But (she added in a softer tone) I hope the Lord will give me power to pray about this when I go home, and if I am wrong I hope He will put me right." She said this as she turned away to leave the house. I plainly perceived that no reasoning could convince Sukey of her error, and I felt utterly hopeless that she would ever be convinced

Just then the words of Psalm xvii. 13, 14, occurred to my mind,—"Deliver my soul from the wicked which is *Thy sword;* from men which are *Thy hand,* O Lord, from men of the world." Also 2 Samuel xvi. 5—12, where an account is given of Shimei cursing David; and I said in my heart, "Lord! it would be very easy for Thee to teach her—she does not know that the wicked are *Thy sword.*" A few days afterwards I went to see Sukey at her cottage, and without making any comment, or alluding in any way to what had passed, I took the Bible and read those two passages; and while yet the words were in my mouth, she sank down in spirit and fell before the Lord. "Ah! my dear lady, that is God's word to my heart! O how deep that word has cut me! it is God's word to my proud heart! Why, I never knew till this moment that the wicked are *God's sword.* What a most notorious, ignorant, wicked woman I must be. I have been fighting against God all these years, while I was thinking I was fighting for Him. Isn't it a wonder that He bears with me, such an ignorant fool as I am? The wicked, God's sword! Why, I never knew this before. Ah! David knew it when he said, 'So let him curse, because the Lord hath

bidden him.' And I can say so too, now, 'Let him curse, let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him.' Ah, poor man! he knew not that though he is the devil's servant, yet he is only a sword in God's hand. No; he understands nothing about that. Well, I feel sorry for him in my heart, I do. I could put my head under his feet to serve him, if it would be of any use. Ah! 'Let him curse, let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him;' but in one moment my God could turn his heart, and instead of cursing there would be blessing."

This was God's touch upon Sukey's heart; as David speaks, "He toucheth the hills, and they smoke" (Psalm civ. 32). She never forgot the instruction which had been conveyed to her mind upon this occasion; and there are many who can bear witness that from this time a most remarkable change was wrought in her conduct under circumstances of the like kind. She frequently afterwards used to allude to her former ignorance upon this point in no very measured terms of reproach against herself, saying that she had never been "*convinced of the law*" before; an expression which (in the sense she used it) might puzzle any doctor of divinity. But Sukey was no

theologian, although God had made her wise unto salvation. Thus does "He pour contempt upon princes," "And maketh foolish the wisdom of this world," "Because He hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hath revealed them unto babes."*

It is deemed superfluous to dwell upon any more of Sukey's faults. Her moral character indeed was strictly irreproachable—none could find fault with her there. Yet had she, in common with all Adam's lost race, many faults, many failings, many infirmities. Nay more; she was, as she often feelingly expressed herself, a sinner from head to foot. She had nothing in herself whereof to glory, and would often under the deepest humiliation declare, "I do abhor myself; I am made to loathe my very prayers, so that, even had I no sin but what I see in them, this alone would be sufficient to condemn me; and yet I cannot give *in* praying neither, for the more I feel this the more *desperate* do my prayers become." She found the Word of God true, which says, "From the sole of the foot even to the head,

* Psalm cvii. 40. 1 Cor. i. 20. Matt. xi. 25.—A notice relating to this part of Sukey's experience will be found in one of the conversations hereafter subjoined, which is marked AA.

there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores" (Isaiah i. 6). Therefore was she forced to fly altogether out of herself to Jesus Christ, who had compassion upon her and saved her. Let all such as feel themselves in Sukey's lost condition take courage from the example set before them in her case; let them look out for the same Saviour that she found. If He turn, and cast an eye of pity upon them as He did upon her, they will become partakers of the same salvation.

The religion which, by the grace of God, Sukey Harley professed, was not that which is perfect in the flesh; this is a kind of religion which she never pretended to. Consequently she became an offender to many. The world knew she did not belong to them, and they despised her; for she lived not in the spirit of the world, nor was she fashioned according to its maxims or conceits; therefore she became an offence unto it. Light-minded trifling professors knew she belonged not to them, for she could take no relish in their discourse, nor find enjoyment in their society; therefore did she become an offence unto them also, and they derided her. But those who were her brethren and companions in the faith and experience of

the Gospel ought not to have been offended in her. There was one part of her Christian character—and that perhaps the most prominent and striking feature in it—which was but little understood, and still less appreciated. She had been made, under the teaching carried on in her own heart, to renounce, as hateful before God, all that counterfeit kind of religion which savours merely of the flesh, and which often makes a very showy appearance, deceiving many by a sort of devotional feeling worked up in the natural affections only. The keen sense she had of the difference which subsists between this deception of the devil and that religion which is wrought in the heart and maintained in the "inner man" by the Spirit of the living God, so influenced the line of her conduct on some occasions as to bring her under the censure of many who, if they had had penetration enough to have discovered the principle upon which she acted, and the spirit by which she was guided, would have judged far otherwise. She could never heartily join in religious conversation, even with such as she believed had a real work of grace in their hearts, except she felt on her own spirit, or perceived in theirs, a living touch from off God's altar. If this were lack-

ing, she cared not for the discourse, knowing the truth of what we are told by Solomon, that "the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury" (Proverbs xiv. 23). She would often therefore abruptly turn away, with a bluntness of manner peculiarly characteristic of her, or she would put a stop to the conversation with some pointed remark, sufficiently demonstrative of her disapprobation, and generally conveying some home truth to the speaker. In one way or other, and without much ceremony, she was sure to put an extinguisher upon an evil she could not remedy. By this kind of behaviour it may be readily supposed that she often laid herself open to the accusation of being deficient in unity and brotherly love, as well as to a want of spiritual discernment, and she was obliged to lie under the reproach, preferring the honour that cometh of God, to that which cometh from men, contrary to the Scribes and Pharisees.

We are exhorted in the Epistle of John in these words, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." Sukey was made spiritually to put in practice this injunction, and sometimes in so involuntary a manner as not always perhaps to be able to give a reason for her conduct, or

at any rate to argue the matter with those who could not perceive the hidden motives which guided it. She felt a touchstone in her conscience, by the test of which her own profession was continually tried and brought up in judgment before God, who in mercy renewed her life in Jesus Christ day by day and hour by hour; thus causing her to serve Him in spirit and in truth, and to hold to the *power* of godliness above the *letter*. Under this teaching, she could not unite with all that might happen to be advanced by those who were not so continually quickened in spirit as she was; and in very love to their souls, as well as through fear of offending God, she dared not encourage in them what she could not bear in herself; nor could she pretend that she believed all was right, if she felt that there was something wrong. Now, as she made it manifest that she walked in the fear of God, and that her general conduct was guided by His Spirit, those who are taught by the same Spirit will be cautious how they judge her in these things. Let it be taken for granted that on some occasions she erred through a misapprehension of any case, can it be wondered at, seeing that none are perfect, and that it has pleased God to bring His people through this world, in the

midst of temptations, sins, and infirmities, from which He will hereafter set them free? Therefore we may safely leave her with Him who "will not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears: but with righteousness will He judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth." Isaiah xi. 3, 4. It did please Him to set her, though a poor miserable sinner, in the midst of His people, as a witness and example, not only of the freeness of His grace, but also of the spiritual power of that religion, of which He is both the Author and the Finisher—even as the Saviour speaks by the mouth of the Prophet, "Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me, are for signs and for wonders in Israel, from the Lord of hosts which dwelleth in mount Zion" (read Isaiah viii., from verses 11 to 18). And in this light, her short but searching remarks ought neither to have given offence, nor yet to have been lightly esteemed; as those will fully acknowledge who, by the grace of God, were enabled, under the mortification they may at first have felt, to seek and obtain from the Lord Jesus Christ a fresh touch upon their own spirits of the healing "balm of Gilead." With this unction on their lips, they were sure

to find love and unity with their tried and faithful friend Sukey; who, through all her bluntness, lacked not that essential grace of the Spirit, Christian love, producing in her heart true fellowship with all the Israel of God. Her spiritual affections, indeed, knew no bounds, whenever she could feel them reciprocally met; because, having the love of Christ shed abroad in her own heart, it produced love to all His members: and thus the bond of union which subsisted between her and all who became manifest in her conscience to possess the Spirit of Christ, was a threefold cord which could not be broken.

To those persons who lived in no profession of religion, and yet through all her rebuffs maintained a kind of friendship for her, she showed much tenderness; not knowing (as she said) how the Lord might be working in their hearts. Also, any among her own community, who might through the power of temptation have turned aside out of the path, and were out of favour both in the church and with themselves, these she would watch over with the utmost tenderness and solicitude, continually bearing them on her heart in secret prayer before the Lord. "Ah, who knows (she would say) but they may be found among

the true sheep at last? What would have become of me, if in all my wanderings Jesus Christ had not searched me out and set me right again? He knows all His children—I know but very few—but blessed be His name, He teaches me to cry day and night for them all—multitudes, multitudes out of all nations! My blessed Redeemer, bring them all to know Thy precious name, and to Thy heavenly kingdom."

Those who have been in the habit of holding sweet communion with her, will long cherish the remembrance of her in their hearts, for "The memory of the just is blessed." "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." "Therefore are they—without fault—before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."*—Amen.

A Letter from SUKEY HARLEY *to* MR. BOURNE.

"*Pulverbach, Shrewsbury,*
August 2, 1836.

"My dear brother in the Lord,

"You ask me, Sir, if I am able to perceive

* Prov. x. 7. Rom. viii. 33, 34. Rev. vii. 15, and xiv. 5.

many changes in my mind. Yes, I should think I have. When darkness comes and God hides His face, I feel so distressed, so distressed; it's dreadful to be without God! I cry till He comes down. My Jesus comes to me; I cannot go to Him; I mourn, I cry; it's all the trouble I know, when my God hides His face; it is not for long at a time; I could not live: sometimes an hour, sometimes two, not for a whole day. It's very seldom a whole day, but God visits me some part of it. He seldom goes for long at a time; it's dreadful sickness; yes, that's my heavy trouble. When He comes to me again, He takes all trouble away; all distressed thoughts, let the sorrow be what it will. He comes in the midst of all, turns all to joy; nothing can hurt me. It's the devil and the old-dwelling sin make the sorrow; the devil comes in—all joy is gone then; but Jesus comes and drives away the devil: then what joy I have, what comfort when I can look up! Do you want a verse as suits me at such times as these? this is one:—

"'Beyond my utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.'

"My heart was very hard last Saturday; well, I could-na' break it, I could-na' melt it; I mourned, I grieved. When my Redeemer came He did it, He melted my hard heart. I found such a place in Scripture this morning—I felt as though every word was written to me —'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God has led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart.' Oh! I read those words—I mean the whole chapter; they were spoken to me. I gave them to my husband, I gave them to my daughter. I marked those words in my Bible; I would wish to remember those words, and to mark them for ever. I must tell you, Sir, the mercies of my God to me, His tender mercies; how He blessed His Word to me. It's very precious when the Lord blesses His Word to my soul. Sir, you speak about my talking to others. I am this sort of woman, I can-na' speak nothing till my Jesus comes and puts words into my mouth; then I can speak—oh! yes, I can speak then. You say, 'Though you are nothing, yet the grace of God in you is something.' But I'm the ignorantest, poorest creature, I can-na' find a place in the Bible, I can-na' find one verse, I can-na' find one hymn, nor nothing.

This is what I am, Sir; I don-na' forget poor sinners; when the Lord bids me, I can talk to one or another; but till He bids me I dare not open my mouth. What I speak to them is according to my own experience. I tell them the truth, when I have liberty from the God of heaven; then I can go, I can go without any fear then. I don-na' fear man—I want nothing else but liberty from the Lord; if He don-na' give me liberty, I am dumb, I can-na' speak one word.

"Oh, where our precious Saviour has not been working, what a destitute place our world is. They throw it by; I see them tremble when I have told them my experience,—I see them tremble, but they throw it by. What a master Satan is. I was chained up, fast bound in his chain, till my blessed Redeemer broke the chain; then I was loosed. Oh! what a work it is! my blessed Redeemer has it all in His own hands. It is sometimes too much for me, to think on the ungodly world: it clean updoes me. This word is my comfort, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' To think of the time and the power the Lord has given me among them; the years that I have been here; my Father knows this is true. Yet there is a working amongst them. They be in a

melancholy state, they sing, they seek religion from one another, they go to their Ranters' meetings, they think they've got religion, they pray, they read the Bible. How can they believe in the Word of God, when they don-na' believe in God? How can they believe in the Word, when they don-na' rely on God? 'How can ye believe which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour which cometh from God only?' They be easy, they be quiet, they have religion in themselves—plenty of it; they be dead, and all the time they think they live; they be at rest in themselves. But, oh! what a dreadful state some others be in; they don-na' understand nothing; they have no religion, they be at a stand, they be clean lost, they be tossicated, they don-na' know what's the matter with them, everything's wrong, all confusion; they be faint, they be weary, they be broken, they be destitute, driven, searching all the while; they can-na' find the road, tossed to and fro, to and fro; they tremble, they shiver, they pray, they cry, they think God don-na' hear them, they think there is no God. Oh! they be in a dreadful distressed state.

"Why, Sir, these be the children of God afore He has brought them to know Him;

these be they I am speaking of. How I love 'em dearly; I grieve for 'em, I mourn for 'em; my heart is heavy, full of sorrow; I pray for 'em, I beg my God to have mercy on 'em, for His dear Name's sake; I find great power from the Lord in praying for them. My Jesus tells me not one shall be lost. He will bring them all in His own time. He will never forget His.

"Where's that hymn which says,—

"'The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I receiv'd when I suffered for thee.'

"Did you ever find it? This it is:

"'O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no mortal power can succour or save;
With sickness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and watching, thy strength is decay'd.

"'Loud roaring and swelling, the billows o'erwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot that sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, His power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

"'O fearful, O faithless, in mercy He cries,
My promise, my truth, are they small in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, My promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing, I'll bring thee to land.

"'Forget thee, I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of My hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I receiv'd when I suffered for thee.

"'Then trust Me, and fear not, thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is My power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
And cause thee at length in My likeness to shine.

"'The doubting, the fearful, the weak, are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions My glory shall spring,
The deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.'

"Sir, this hymn comforts my heart respecting *them*, as well as myself; oh, how I feel it in my heart! 'The palms of My hands,' etc. These words were on my mind this morning. Oh! how I felt it. I felt my sufferings were a witness to me that my precious Jesus was interceding for me, and I begged of Him, I begged of Him, to look on His own dear hands on my behalf.

"Sir, this comes from your poor sister in Jesus Christ,

"SUSANNA HARLEY."

Conversations with SUKEY HARLEY, *between the years* 1836 *and* 1853.

"I ever bless the Lord for sending me those books. They do come from Him. That hymn you have been reading, it's all the very same as the Lord teaches me in my soul. Hart's

hymns now are my life. How the enemy and my deceitful heart have torn and cut asunder my soul. How I've been pestered about this, past everything. I'd think with myself, Well, am I right? I'm like no one else. They be all so quiet, so sleek, so smooth: they seem to have nothing of the buffetings, and turmoilings, and strivings, and tossings, and mournings, and groanings, that I have; what does this mean? Be I a Christian? Am I in the right road? Why can-na' I live in quietness like other good Christian people? When the devil comes in, he tells me I am clean contrary to the people of God. Such a fuss with my prayers; such mourning, such darkness, such sorrow; this been-na' the walk of a Christian. A Christian be'n all in the light. He don-na' find such a heap of wickedness in his heart, like what I've got. Oh! what I have suffered for years, aye, for years. Then I'd cry to the Lord, Oh! my dear heavenly Father, do resolve these heavy doubts and fears; do please to lead me into the right road. He'd make me feel how that all my strength must come from Him. 'Without Me ye can do nothing.' I believe those words. Once when I was in great darkness He was pleased to speak to my soul, and say, 'My light is thy darkness.' Oh

what comfort this gave me. How these words refreshed my weary soul! and this is often brought to my mind; then I say with myself, This must be the right road, to lean entirely on Him, to go the road He directs, through temptations, through sorrows, through darkness, and trust entirely on Him. I'd think again, But how is it? I can-na' find one person that understands my feelings, they be all so different, clean contrary; sure, if they knew my God they would know my life. Now this is the way I have been tossicated for years."

A letter by John Bradford, the martyr, was read to her, inscribed, "A letter which he wrote to a faithful woman in her heaviness and trouble." It says,—

"How should God wipe away tears from your eyes in heaven, if now on earth you shed no tears? How would heaven be a place of rest, if you found it rest on earth? How could you desire to be at home if in your journey you found no grief? How could you so often call upon God and talk with Him, if your enemy slept all day long? How should you elsewhere be made like Christ—I mean in joy—if you sob not with Him in sorrow? If you will have joy and felicity, you must have sorrow and

misery. If you will go to heaven, you must sail by hell. If you will embrace Christ in His robes, you must not scorn Him in His rags. If you will sit at Christ's table in His kingdom, you must first abide by Him in His temptations. If you will partake of His glory, forsake not His cup of ignominy."

Sukey: "Oh! what a precious letter! Did you say that man lived three hundred years ago? Well, the Lord has had a people on earth from the beginning. Now when that dear man wrote the letter, the Lord knew how it would fetch comfort into my sorrowful soul so many years after. It was His doing, it was the Lord who instructed him, and taught him in the things in that letter; and it is He who sent it to refresh my soul."

"I was talking with my niece,—her parents were Ranters. I said, 'Emma, I have heard your people say you must give God your heart. Now, tell me, did you ever give God your heart?' She said, 'Why, aye, I have.' 'Then I tell you, Emma, I never have.' 'Why, aunt, I don-na' know what to think of you now; what, have you never given God your heart?' 'No (I said), I did not give it Him, but He took it though.' 'What, against your will?' 'He made me willing, otherwise

I had never given it Him.' 'Why, aunt (said Emma), you are one by yourself.' 'Aye, my dear wench, I am one by myself, and I am well reconciled that it should be so, because I find very few indeed who know anything like my experience, and so I must be one by myself. I tell you, Emma, the unchanged sinner can never begin to turn to God.' 'Why, aunt (she said again), you are one by yourself, and that's how it is.' I said, 'I can tell you but little; but this I will tell you: I was not converted by man, nor yet by my own power, but by the Spirit of God. I love to hear them talk what the Lord teaches. I love to hear them relate what the Lord has done for their souls. We can-na' receive the light of life from man; it must be the gift of God. Oh, Emma, it's a great work; it's too great for a poor, blind, wretched sinner to undertake for himself. Our God is just and holy, a glorious, wonderful Being. Now can such a black, vile sinner as I stand before Him? He must fit me. He must do all the work. I can-na' do one hand's turn for myself; there must be no intermixture. Yea, and He will do it all, and He shall have all the glory. Ask, by prayer, Emma, that God would be pleased to give you repentance unto life into the sinner's heart. Emma, did

you ever feel cursed pride cling round your heart when you pray?' 'No, aunt.' 'Then I tell you, Emma, you are not like me. That pride—it's the biggest enemy I've got. My proud heart! oh, my proud heart! how I mourn on account of my proud heart, and thus I appear like one alone. Yes, I am like one by myself; and when I am alone, I *am* alone, for I am clean lost then, the poorest, the helplessest thing. But the Lord don-na' leave me long alone neither. He comes and draws my heart up to Himself; and this is all I've got to say: the Lord is my sure confidence and my trust, and He shall have all the glory."

"I want to tell you what the Lord has been showing me this morning. I went to prayer as usual, but I felt no desire for prayer—no strength, in body or soul. I could do no more to help myself to God than a new-born babe. I was dead; I had no faith. God had knocked me down for my sin; but He did not leave me long in this way, for in two or three minutes He shone on me, and said, 'I am here, I am thy strength.' Then I felt all happiness and glory. He said, 'This is a warning to thee not to be lifted up in thyself, nor to trust in thy feelings.' My comfortable feelings! I

am not to build upon these things, nor be too much distressed when I am cast down, but look to Him. This showed me how many there are who think they have religion in themselves. I feel I have nothing. All is in Him. How I feel for those who are looking to themselves and what they can do. I am poor; I found this morning I had no will, no power, no desire. This came on my mind this morning, what the folks say of me, 'Oh, Sukey Harley, you are so good; if I was like you I should not fear to die.' Well, I thought, if they had seen me this morning, they would have seen I had no religion. Oh, those poor creatures that boast of religion in themselves; it will all leave them on their death beds! They say they can pray always. I cannot pray always; to be sure I might pray all day with words, but what is that? Unless my God comes, my prayer is nothing. I often think of that verse, 'When thou hast shut thy door, pray,' etc.; and I say, Lord, Thou knowest I cannot shut the door; Thou must do it. The Lord showed me to-day what prayer is; I cannot pray one thing without Him. I asked Him to teach me to pray according to His will. This is what I do: I fall down before my God, and wait, and never give up

till He tells me what to say; I cannot speak till He comes. If He does not answer me directly, then I hang upon Him, I cry unto Him, I wait for Him, and when He sees fit He makes me feel His answer. I was thinking how I am just like a little child who is trying to get something that is out of its reach! it will strive and strive, but it cannot get it; and just so do I; I want my God, and I reach and strive and pray and cry after Him."

"What do the ungodly know of my life? They talk of Sukey Harley, but they know nothing of my life; my life is in heaven, they cannot see it; the life they see me live in the flesh is not my life. 'I walk by faith, not by sight.' Oh, what it is to have a God! I think sometimes if I could but make poor souls know what a God He is—but I cannot, I cannot. The Lord could make them know Him in one moment, but He does not; but they will know Him when He teaches them, but not before; they cannot. I was thinking about Ezek. xxxvii., that speaks of the dry bones; what wonders God can do, what wonders He has done for my dead soul—think what I was before He called me. O Lord, I can believe that Thou canst do everything; and since He saved *me*, none need despair

for a viler wretch was never out of hell than myself; but I cannot tell now what I was. When I think of the exceeding great mercies of my God, and my own exceeding great unworthiness and sinfulness, I do desire above all things to get very low before Him. I say, What shall I do to humble myself before Him? My Saviour will be exalted. He may not call all in the same way as He has me; but He will show all their lost condition by nature, and that they are nothing, and that He is all."

"Oh what a blessed thing for me! bless and praise His holy name for it! I have got a God to go to, to rely on. Yes, I have. He knows my griefs; He hears my groans. My heavenly Father gives me this assurance, that in Christ Jesus 'the very hairs of my head are all numbered.'"

"This is the confidence which I have in Him—the very faith which He has given me, that it was His own blessed will from the foundation of the world to do it for me. He chose me, He called me, He redeemed me, He has all power in heaven and earth. I have had such a blessed experience this morning, how that my name was engraved on His heart when He suffered on the cross. Yes, He knowed my

name *then*, and oh! He know'd my sins. Oh! how my sins pierced Him. I have been thinking what a sight it must have been; what a woeful sight to see them—those wretches, those monsters, and myself among them, the very worst—the very chiefest among them; I cannot, I dare not call them by one name worse than I can call myself. I was there! I did it! My sins crucified Him, pierced Him, agonized Him! But oh! to see them laying hold on that dear spotless Lamb of God—hauling Him, beating Him, mocking Him, buffeting Him, nailing Him to the cross. Oh, what a sight, a woeful sight! Then again I thought on that wonderful word which He uttered just before He died—and did you ever consider what a wonderful word it was—what it expresses? Ah, what it expresses! '*It is finished.*' Oh, what a work He had finished then. It was the work His heavenly Father gave Him to do; He undertook it, He carried it through and brought it to an end: and then do you think He can let any poor soul be lost whose name He had written on His heart then? No, He cannot. He gives me this assurance. He saves because He will. Paul says, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith.' Ah, but it was his dear Redeemer

did it for him though, he was well aware of that; Christ fought the fight. *He* run the race. *He* won the crown. Glory, glory be to Him for ever."

"R. H. and I had a turn one day: he says we can repent of ourselves; I tell him we *cannot*. God called me before repentance. He answered, 'Called you before repentance! that's not my faith.' I said, 'Well, it is mine, and has been ever since the morning the Lord called me; and I will have no other faith than that.' He asked me one day what that verse meant, 'In Thy sight shall no man living be justified.' Poor fellow, he cannot know what it means, for he has never felt his condemnation. I feel my condemnation every moment."

"One of the Ranter preachers said to me one day, 'Sukey, cannot you live without sin? the Christian does not commit sin.' I said, '*I* live without sin! I should think not, indeed! I do nothing else but sin!' and another said the same thing to me. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Can we live without sin, who are nothing but sin? Oh, they *don* live without sin, that is, they do not *feel* their sins; that must be it; they have never had that real

conviction sent down into their hearts to show them how black they are—nothing but sin and filth all over. Poor dear creatures, they be blind, and they be all so comfortable, thinking that they do so many good works. Oh, I tremble, I shiver all over, when I think of this false religion which is in the world. Well, Paul's experience is all the same as mine exact, 'The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh,' etc.; and that's how it is. I have been thinking we have two wills, the evil and the good, and these are contrary the one to the other: that which is evil sins always, and that which is good cannot sin, for it is born of God, as the Scripture says; and I feel it so. Now the religion that is in the world teaches that man has the power in himself to repent and turn to God when he pleases. O this discourse, it is dreadful to my ears. When I tell them about the faith which the Lord has given me, that it must be all His work from the beginning to the end, and that man has no power, being clean dead in trespasses and sins, —they say, 'Your faith ben'na' like ours;' and they call me by some name: I canna' speak it —it's like Calvary, *High Calvary*. Well, it's a blessed name; it puts me in mind of my dear Redeemer. Ah!

'Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.'

But what a fire it has kindled up all round about, telling our faith, has it not? I was thinking, Now suppose we should be brought before kings and rulers to answer for the truth, how would it be? Oh, my God, Thou knowest! Suppose I was to deny Thee. Ah, I should if He were to leave me—I should be like Peter. O! what I feel when I think of Peter denying his Lord."

"Oh! how my soul trembles for those poor souls who have not got this true faith sent down from heaven into their hearts. They ask me sometimes what my religion is. Oh, my religion, if you look for it in me, I have none; but I will tell you where it is: it is in my Jesus. He has got it all, and I have it in Him; but I have none in myself, for what I have got in myself is worse than nothing, it is the devil's religion—that is, he gives it us and puts it into our hearts, and we trust to it, and think we are safe in the road to heaven, while indeed it is the road to hell. This is the religion we have all got by nature, and those whose eyes have never been opened to see the truth in God's light think they are going right, but they

are going wrong; they have never got into the right road, they have chosen a clean road for themselves, but it will never lead them to heaven. This is how I feel, that I am destitute of everything. I am ignorant, and know nothing; I go to the blessed Jesus to be taught everything—yes, *everything*. I am poor, and needy, and naked, I have nothing. Oh, what a dreadful thing to think of meeting with that holy and righteous God in our own righteousness—filthy rags. I shudder, I tremble to think of this. He would consume us in an instant. Out of Christ He is flames of fire, indeed He is. He must devour us if He finds us in our own works. Christ says, 'Without Me ye can do nothing,' and I believe it; He has taught my soul to know it. Suppose now we had got into the right road to heaven—suppose He had set us there; well, could we go on of ourselves? I say, No, we cannot take one step without Him. This is how I find it: if I take one step alone I fall, just the same as a new-born babe. Oh, how fearful I am of going alone; I am clean out of the road in one minute. Poor W. R. said to me one day, 'I am not afraid of falling; them that be in Christ shall stand.' Oh, poor soul, I doubt she never knew what it is to be in Christ.

'Oh, dear W—— (I said to her), ben'na' you afraid of falling? Why I be afraid every minute;' and so I am—though for all, that is true too, that those that be in Christ will stand. But oh, what fears they will feel in their hearts! My cry all the day long is, 'Hold Thou me up, O Lord! Oh leave me not to myself! Oh keep fast hold of me! let me not go—let me not fall!'"

"I felt this morning, when I kneeled down to pray, oh such a black cursed sinner in the presence of a holy God, I had not one word to say, I could not speak. I felt so awed in His presence, I was dumb. At last I craved mercy —these were the words:

'Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
Oh, let Thy mercy come.'

I felt that He loved me, though such a black wretch as I was, yet He loved me, and showed me my Saviour's wounds. My heart melted, my tears run. Oh, what a precious God He is to me.'

"There are but few that know our God. But my Saviour's blood can save to the uttermost; and He tells me I am to go and tell my faith to these poor souls round here, whether

they will hear or whether they will not. The Lord gives me great tenderness of spirit towards those who do not know my heavy temptations. He directs me what to say, and where to go. This is what I was thinking. They have the Word, and they have the gospel, and they see the creation, the beautiful works of God, the sun, the moon, the stars, yet they know not my God ; He has not given them His Spirit, they cannot know Him. We tell them what a dear precious Saviour He is, but we can do no more. It is the Lord must do that, when He pleases. There are but few, one here and one there. He sent me to poor R—— the other day. I said, 'Oh, R——, if you knew my life, but you do not. Ask the Lord to open your blind eyes ; you must be born again; pray the Lord to show you your dead state by nature ; look to Him for light, for knowledge, for power, for will, for all.' She shed many tears, and said, 'Oh, Sukey, if I was like you I should have nothing to do.' I said, "Oh, R——, the Lord gives me work and labour every moment, I have not one minute to spare.' The eldest son came in ; I put my hand on his head and said, 'Oh, my child, God can make you His own.' Poor R—— burst into tears afresh ; I never saw R—— shed tears before.

Oh! if the Lord were to bring her precious soul to know Him."

"My God tells me I shall have nothing to do with the judgment day; I have been judged already. I may say I am called up before Him every day, and sometimes many times in a day. I was judged, indeed, on the morning of my conversion. He showed me my condemnation, and think how I felt my condemnation to be just, when I prayed Him to make hell seven times hotter before He sent me there. God will send no one to hell without showing them first that it is their place; they will have a conscience at last."

"Now I was thinking I was not on the earth when my blessed Redeemer walked upon it; but how wonderful it seems—I feel all the same as if I had been. I feel as though my life was His life, my sorrow His sorrow, my joy His joy. I seem to understand how He mourned over sin, and what He suffered for sinners, all His very life through, till they nailed Him to the cross."

"Did I ever tell you how, one day, when I felt I had no light, no knowledge, no faith, no hope, no desire, I was miserable, poor, and wretched, for my Saviour had left me. In this

state I went to bed, mourning, and grieving, and pining. Well now, I will tell you how my God came and blest me. He awoke me in one moment with these words, 'My light is thy darkness.' I was up in an instant. He gave me strength, and power, and will, and all I wanted. I can trust Him since then, and He helps me to wait on Him. He gives me this now,—patience to wait a bit longer; and He keeps me low, and bids me sink before His footstool, and He shows me that if He never comes again I can have nothing to say; I feel my condemnation—I am a wretch. But

> 'I cannot live without Thy light,
> Cast out and banish'd from Thy sight.'

But when He comes I have wisdom, and knowledge, and light, and understanding, and joy and everything. He sends all down from heaven to me; and when He pleases, all is gone again. He comes and He goes just as He sees fit, and this is my life; and when He is with me, how I rejoice; and when He is gone, how I mourn and grieve till He comes again: and He does come. He does not leave me long. He knows I cannot live without Him. He is my life. What are my troubles when He is with me? they are nothing. I cannot speak of them; it would be a scandal to

Him to speak of troubles then. It says, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.' My God tells me I can have no greater joy than I have when He is with me, unless He were to release my soul from the body. But oh, my heavy temptations! Sometimes I think I am going to heaven through the flames; yes, I may say, through the flames. I think of my Saviour when that wicked foe tempted Him. Ah! I dare not speak of my inward trials and temptations. Satan is with me every moment when I am left to myself. My God permits him to harass me and tempt me. But my God gives me to watch, and He teaches me to know Satan's devices; and I can tell in a moment now, what is my God and what is that deceitful foe. Satan has a religion, and he makes us think it is true; and he deceives many a poor soul by setting before them one good thought after another, so that they look to their hearts and trust in their hearts. I am quite frightened when I think of our world; not when my God is with me: I am not afraid then; neither men nor devils can make me fear then. But this world is like a prison to me. I feel a lone soul in it. I was thinking what a narrow

path we have to walk in. It is as if there was a deep pit of water on both sides, and the way so narrow we could scarcely keep it, and full of dangers on every side. But my Saviour is 'the way, the truth, and the life.'"

"Some say they can live without sin; and when I mourn over my wicked heart, they do not know what I mean. They say, 'Why, Sukey Harley has a changed heart, yet how she talks.' They do not know it is my Saviour's blood sprinkled on my heart that makes me mourn. Oh! how I abhor my wicked, abominable heart; it is my greatest enemy. Now there are the Baptists; some of them in these parts believe our faith, but they think so much of going down under the water. Now when they have changed hearts, and are baptized of the Spirit, they will not hold so much to the water."

"I said to M. S. this morning, 'Did you ever hear of any person convincing another?' I said this because they are all upon H. S., and say that I have convinced her! *I* convinced her! It must be the Lord that must do that. Oh! how I feel for her precious soul; I cannot tell you what I suffer for poor H. S. But oh, my distrustful thoughts! God says to me,

'Thou hypocrite, canst thou keep her?' Ah! my Saviour, Thou must keep her; what can I do for her precious soul? How tender the Lord makes me feel towards those precious souls He is beginning to work in. He has many ways to bring poor souls to Himself; as many as the stars. He knows how to do best by everyone."

"I saw M. J. yesterday; I thought I would go and see how she was going on. She told me it was something I had said which made her begin to think of her soul first. Oh! what I feel when they say I have said anything; my sinful, unhallowed lips, what can they say? She talked to me about the Ranters, and said that, time back, when she went to hear them, and saw them lifted up in their joyful ways, and speak of their faith and soft hearts, and power of prayer, she used to think, what blessed experience these people have. 'I wish I could believe like them, and feel my heart soft.' I said, 'But you cannot, can you?' 'No (she said), I cannot; I used to be quite cast down after leaving them, for I thought they had all they said.' I told her what I have thought of these people ever since they came; that perhaps our God permits them to come among us for some purpose we do not

know; and when my dear Redeemer begins to work in any of them, He will bring them out of that society. I told her she had better not attend them; that was all I could do: I could not forbid her; my God must do that. They think I am their enemy, but I am not. Oh! if the Lord were to bring them they would see I am not. No, I have told them the truth. I do not wish to judge them. What have I to do with judging? But oh! I feel as if they were suffered to be deluded and believe a lie; but the Lord will not suffer His own people to be deceived long. He will bring them out from among them; they can have no happiness; all *real* joy and happiness comes from God; they may, to be sure, be lifted up with joy and gladness in themselves; yes, the ungodly live always; I die daily, every moment of my life I am dying. Yes, and the ungodly can pray always; but oh! when I bend my sinful vile body before a holy God, I feel so unworthy I cannot dare to look up. If we go in any other way than through my blessed dear Redeemer, how dreadful! how dreadful!"

"I wish to tell you, if the Lord shall enable me, the heavy temptation I have gone through since I saw you last. But indeed I can't

express what I have felt. It seemed as if Satan was let loose upon me, and I had no strength to resist him, for my God was gone from me. Charles and I had been getting some coal at the pits; and had paid for it, as we all of us thought. But the men searched every place, and could not find the sovereign. I begged them to search me; but they refused, saying they were sure I had not got it. I searched myself over and over, but to no purpose. But when I got home, I found it tied up in a corner of my handkerchief. From that moment my temptations began; for Satan would have me keep it, telling me I should be quite clear at the pits, for no one would suspect me. Oh, my most dreadful, awful state! I cannot make you understand but very little about it. I really thought Satan would get the victory over me; I groaned and I sighed, but I could not pray; and so it was from six in the evening till eight the next morning. Charles saw how bad I was; but I could not tell him my dreadful suffering. When I went to bed, it was still the same; I would doze asleep for a few moments and then awake, and Satan was yet on at me to keep this sovereign. I got up very early and lighted my fire. But it was not till eight o'clock that my God came;

and then He came indeed, and drove Satan clean off; and then I could not take the sovereign up to the pits quick enough. What has the Lord shown me from this? I must be *clean done* with boasting now, I am sure. Who kept me from keeping the sovereign? Not myself, it's plain. Oh! how this has made me think of those poor sinners who are in the hands of Satan; they cannot overcome him, but go from sin to sin. But my dear Father will not leave His own children in the power of Satan for long. He will deliver them out of temptation. I am sure this about the sovereign was to happen to me, that He might teach me from it what I am without Him, and that I might understand more concerning the deceitful wiles of Satan. Oh! what things He set before me, as if He would really make me believe it was right for me to take it. He threw flowers into my lap about it, and would make me think all was sweet and pleasant. I am well acquainted with Satan; and he is well acquainted with me too; but my blessed Saviour delivers me from him; and those who do not know Satan and his work, don't know my blessed Saviour nor God either."

[Another circumstance of the same kind

occurred at another time, in which appears also the gracious tenderness of her soul, when convinced of sin, however small, which manifestly was such a work of the Lord in her heart, that it is much to be noticed. It is related as follows:—]

"I have brought you back the *threepence*. What I have suffered on account of it, I cannot tell you. Oh, my abhorrible conduct! I am a black sinner walking on the earth. I scandal the grace of my ever blessed God. I should think I had been in an agony since I saw you last. My God has corrected me, and I bless and praise His holy name for it. I believe He has pardoned me; yes, I believe He has. It was the black covetousness of my wicked heart which made me say to you when you asked me, that I had no *brass* to pay for the apples I wanted. It was true I had no *brass*, but I had silver (for I had just been paid C.'s wages), and I might have changed a piece, and then I should have had *brass*. It was my cursed covetousness which made me 'turn you' that answer. You see I was hoarding up all the money I could against our rent day, hoarding, turmoiling, and troubling, to get it together. I see it all now how it was. I was distrusting my God. He has set it before me

now. He had promised I should not want; and yet that covetousness clung round my heart, so as to cause me to commit that sin in order to preserve the money in my pocket. Well, I thought nothing of it at first; I took your threepence that you gave me, and paid for my apples, and thought nothing of my sin —I was as insensible, yes, as insensible, as the *brass* in my hand. I went home: my sin never rifled me all that day, nor all the next; it never came into my mind that I had done sin. But the day after that, C. was to go and pay his rent, so I was counting out the money and found there was enough, and to spare. I turned to thank the Lord, and He said, 'Could'st not thou have trusted Me?' and the *threepence* darted into my mind, and I felt that I had sinned against my holy God. Oh! how dumb I was. I was clean knocked down. My God brought it all to my recollection. I was like one slain. Yes, my guilt slew me. It's past power of words to tell you the agony my soul was in, till my blessed Saviour removed my guilt. I can truly say that that one sin, little as it may appear to others, was enough to condemn me down to hell. W. R. was there. She said, 'Well, I should think it were no such great sin.' 'W. (I said), you know nothing

of what sin is—you are unacquainted with that holy, just God; it's a sin against *Him*, and that's enough.' Poor things, they do not know: I feel so sorry for them; may God open their eyes. Well, it pleased the Lord to comfort my sorrowful soul that night. He brought me pardon; bless and praise His holy name. I have been taught a wonderful lesson from that *threepence*, which I hope I shall never forget."

[In the year 1838 she had a severe illness; and she said,]

"I have had a wonderful lesson in this illness. The Lord has punished me and brought me down, and showed me my wicked ways and doings; and I was in deep distress, and I thought my heavenly Father's hand was heavy upon me; and while I was groaning under His *heavy hand*, behold He showed me it was *light* upon me; yes, it was light upon me, so that I could truly say, 'He punished me less than my iniquities deserve;' and He has shown me out of this chapter (*Isaiah* liii.) that He has borne my sorrows and carried my grief. When I feel sorely defiled with sin, I cannot rest till my Redeemer washes me again. I have to wait long sometimes; but when He comes, all is praise, and love, and joy in my soul."

AA.—*This part has been referred to in page* 56.

"I want to tell you about the teaching I had from the Lord the other day. Before Charles went to his work, we read the 12th of Romans; and it was these words, just as C. read them, that the Lord struck so powerfully into my heart, 'Bless them that curse you, bless and curse not.' They quite entirely condemned me. I cannot express how deeply the Lord instructed me here, and convicted me of my sins. I stood guilty before Him; my mouth was stopped. I felt I had walked contrary to this all my life, and yet had been blind and ignorant concerning it; for I thought, when I went about to set any false accusations to rights which were laid, I was doing what the Lord approved. But now all that the Scripture says about bearing injuries came upon my mind, and I felt what I cannot describe, the Lord struck them so deeply into my soul, and with such deep compunction; and when I thought of my dear Redeemer's sufferings I wept, for, 'when He was reviled He reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not.' I wept bitterly indeed. My heart was rent to think of all He endured on earth, and He answered not a word, and I am ashamed and blush to lift up my eyes unto Him, for

how contrary has my life been to His. Oh! how I have pierced Him through and through with my sins; but my soul is pierced with the nails which pierced Him; I look on Him and mourn. 'I mourn for Him as one that mourneth for his only son.' Yes, I surely have a part in His sufferings. It is past my telling what I feel when I think of my dear Redeemer's sufferings for me: I am wounded, deeply wounded."

1840.—"The Lord brought all His mercies before me last Sunday, the last in the year. Oh! how I feel the going out of the old year and the coming in of the new. I felt clean overpowered; I was brought low in the dust before Him. I got up very early in the morning, long before it was light, and I fell down on my knees at His footstool, feeling my undone condition; then I got up, but my God did not come yet. I fell down again and sought Him, but still I found Him not. I rose again from my knees, but I could not rest here: down I was again, and then it was my dear Redeemer came. He came and poured in all His mercies into my soul in the most wonderful manner. I then opened my blessed Bible, but not without begging of Him to be pleased to let me

open upon that place which He would bless to my soul; and He did: it was on these words, 'I love the Lord because He hath heard my prayer,' etc.* And what a Psalm that was to me that morning, and I could say with David, 'I love the Lord.' I did love my dear Lord, and I was lost in wonder at all He showed me; and I read in my blessed Book till near two o'clock, and my Saviour was with me all that time; and I became so weak in body from all that I had felt in soul, that I could scarcely speak afterwards; and upon this Satan began to tempt me, and said I should be lost yet, for all I had felt so much of the mercy of God; and in all manner of ways he tempted and harassed me. But my God drove him away before night, and filled my soul again with His mercies; and as soon as my eyes awoke the next morning, He was with me."

"Oh! I dare not come before my God with anything of my own; I dare not bring even a word of prayer to Him—I am quite dumb in in His presence. I lie before Him and wait till He looks on me; and till He instructs me what to say to Him, I am helpless, miserable, lost. I have my sins, cares, burdens, sorrows, all before Him. One day I was pondering a

* Psalm cxvi.

good while on prayer. I thought, My prayer, what is it? My prayer is nothing. I have no prayer. Then I got the Bible and opened it on the 56th Psalm, and the Lord came and blest it to me; He met me it, and He gave me *His prayer* in my heart. I felt the most miserable undone creature on the earth; but what wonders my Redeemer has done for me."

"I was very ill lately: I got into such depths, it seemed as if every corner of my notorious wicked heart was opened out to me, and I was encompassed all round about with my iniquity. I was *condemned*. I thought of that hymn—

> 'And must my soul be snatched away
> Before I'm fit to die!'

For I was brought down in my soul to the gates of death, and feared the judgments of God would fall upon me. Oh! to be without Christ—I tremble at the thought. My soul is in great fear and terror. What a mistake will the world find they have made in depending upon anything out of Christ. Those words are true,—

> 'How vain the hopes which sinners build
> On duties they have done!
> Our mouths are stopp'd, by His command,
> From every boasting word.'

How I have boasted! Oh, my proud heart!

But my mouth is stopped now; I am guilty before the Lord. I have been very ill, and my distress has been heavy. I felt like Hezekiah when he turned his face to the wall; so I turned to the Lord and begged Him to spare me a bit longer, till His work was done, for I was afraid He was going to take me, and I felt unprepared, unready. But He heard my prayer, and granted my request; and He said, I am not going to take thee away yet; there shall be help for your body; I have chastened thee in love.' Oh! what words of mercy these were to my alarmed soul. And He came and filled me up with this heavenly peace and comfort. But after a while He left me, and then I felt my heavy sickness of body. But He returned again, and He is with me still, and He says, 'Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord,' etc. 'Blessed is he that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall come forth as gold purified seven times.' How these words strike me, '*purified seven times.*' I know much of that furnace that the three holy children were in, and the den Daniel was in. I have been in it many times. Well, and their God is my God. Daniel's God is my God. They wanted them to worship a false God, and they want us to have a formalist

profession. But I feel as they did. Let them kill me rather. My blessed God is 'the true God and an everlasting King.' I want no other. 'Thou shalt have no other gods but Me.' Those words used to strike me through when I heard them.

"How I felt what Mr. Bourne said in his letters to me about our dear Redeemer 'picking us up.' Those words came very cutting to me. He did pick me up indeed, in my hellish, devilish state, and manifested His tender love and compassion towards me."

[On hearing some extracts read from a book of Mr. Burrell's she said]:—

"Now, that just suits me; I am often in that wretched miserable condition he speaks of, 'A prey to the devil and to every evil thing.' And since I have had the care of that poor blind woman,* my temptations and

* The circumstances relative to the poor blind woman are, that she was a pauper on the parish, with whom Sukey had no connection; but who felt a strong desire to go and live with Sukey, and had often mentioned it to her. So one morning she came with all her goods in a waggon, and literally stormed her house, saying she must live there, having nowhere else to go, the parish barely allowing her a maintenance. It appears Sukey felt that in the fear of God she could not refuse her a part in her cottage; thus from that time till the death of the poor woman (about three years),

troubles have been increased in that way; but I feel it is the Lord who has sent this trial upon me, and it drives me continually to Him. Oh! I feel in a dreadful state sometimes, such wrath, and anger, and hatred, and enmity, and murders too, even hell itself do I feel within me; I cannot express my black, hellish, devilish heart, and no tongue can tell my dreadful sufferings. Oh, what would become of me if I had not a God to go to, and that He has mercy upon me? it is black despair and hell to me, till I find my God. I am compelled in my trouble to seek after Him; and these words of Mr. Burrell suit me, that he has found 'the Lord's help and deliverance a thousand times twice told.' Oh, when my God appears for me, it is past my telling of; then love, and joy, and peace enter my soul, and sin, and sorrow, and misery are all gone. He brings all with Him. I cannot do enough for the poor blind woman when His love is in my heart. He made me put double sugar in her tea the other day; but when He is gone, nothing is too bad for my devilish heart to wish

Sukey bore the burden and trouble which such a circumstance was likely to entail, washing, and doing all for her, to the entire satisfaction of the poor woman, who repeatedly said he had never been better taken care of.

against her. I dare not mention my temptations, but my dear Redeemer knows all, and He sent this trial upon me, and I am waiting to see His hand concerning it; when He pleases He will take it off me, and I dare not stir one step to rid myself of it. Oh, my blessed Jesus, give me patience."

"The Lord was with me last Sabbath-day: it was a resurrection day to my soul. (Easter Sunday, 1841.) I did not think in the morning that my blessed Saviour would come to me as He did. I looked at my Bible and said, I cannot read it, my God is not here to bless it. I looked at my hymnbook and said, No, that will not do. Then I thought, shall I fall down on my knees and pray? But ah, I had no more power to help myself to God than a dead corpse. Oh my miserable wretchedness! I feared my God would not come to bless me, but I cried after Him, and blessed be His name, He did come, and it was a precious Sabbath to my soul. I got that book of Mr. Burrell's, which was sent me from London, and I can truly say the Lord blest me in it. When I came to a hard word, I looked up to Him to teach me about it, and it was wonderful how He did teach me that day: for I cannot

even read the words when He is not with me.

"The book speaks about the men that put themselves in the pulpit and preach, but they know not the Lord. I have long thought about that: and they talk about the Lord being merciful, and that He will pardon sin, but they speak as if He would pardon without blood. Ah, there's a great mistake in the world about that: I am full of mistakes till the Lord sets me right. Ah, how I felt the blood of my dear Redeemer on the cross *for me*, last Sabbath day.

"Another Sabbath day I got up, and my Saviour put this prayer into my heart: O Lord, bring down my proud heart, humble me very low before thee, 'this haughty tyrant kill.' I kept on at this prayer, He kept me on at it, and He heard me and came into my soul, but it was not with joy and gladness that He came but so lowly and humble, bringing my proud heart to the ground. All day long He was with me in this way, guiding, directing, and counselling me. Oh how precious it was to my soul, and all my dear friends that I have heard of; though I may not have seen them, they were all in my heart, and I begged my Saviour to instruct and teach them, and be

their guide to heaven: it was a sweet day to me; and I had such a fear lest He should depart from me; I was afraid almost of lifting up my eyes. It says in Solomon's Song, 'I charge you that you stir not up, nor awake my love, till He please.' Just so I felt."

"Who knows anything of my life? It is hid with my dear Redeemer; my life is His life. I have no other life. I walk about this world the same as all the rest, but I am dead. I hate and abhor myself, and I hate and abhor that outside profession. There's plenty of it about here; prayers to no end, reading the Word, and abundance of good works and good talk; what trash it all is! I inwardly detest it in my very soul, that false, empty, *know-nothing*, outward profession! I cannot abide it. My dear Saviour is my religion. He is my possession; what's profession without possession? It is not worth much indeed; it won't do for me, I know. 'My treasure is His precious blood.' 'That is a treasure rich indeed, which none but Christ can give.' When I see by faith His pierced hands, and feel that my sins have nailed Him to the cross, no heart can conceive what that brings before me. I'm lost in wonder. For me! *He died*

for me! Ever since the morning of my conversion, in my old house down at Ryton, my blessed Redeemer has held me in His dear hands. He showed me then that He died for me, that He hung on the cross for my sins. Yes, I saw Him with the eyes of faith, bleeding on the tree for my sins. I can truly say, I am His and He is mine. God is my Father, Jesus Christ is my Redeemer, and heaven is my home; and I can truly say, 'I have fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.' I can truly say, I am fed with the living bread of everlasting life, and my soul is abundantly satisfied. Often when I have been unable to eat the natural food for my body, I have sat down, and said, Now, my dear Father, feed me with the bread of heaven! and He has come and given me a rich feast, and so filled me with His mercies, that I have wanted no food for my body, I have been so strengthened and refreshed. I often think of these words, 'He would have fed them with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee.'

"But, Oh how sometimes I find the reverse of all this, and 'fierce temptations wait around,' Satan and my own evil heart stir up all, and there am I in the midst, and cannot

stir one step to deliver myself, till my Redeemer comes and drives Satan away; and then I am left alone with my Saviour—Him and me alone. But how hard the battle is sometimes before He comes. He has left me for days and nights together at times, to fight and wrestle with Satan and my own heart; and sometimes I think my own heart is the worst enemy of the two; I do hate and abhor my heart, I detest and abhor myself on account of the evil that dwells in me. I am ready to tear away this body of sin and death that is in my flesh if I could."

"I came down stairs one morning and began to light the fire to get C. his breakfast. I just set the sticks alight, and then, as I always do, I went down on my knees to pray; but I felt my heart very hard, and something came over me as if I was not to pray then, the Lord would not hear me if I did. I then left off for a bit, but presently I began to consider, Who can this come from that I am not to pray? for the word says, 'Pray in season and out of season.' Then I felt it must be the devil deceiving me. Not pray! I said, not pray! and I began to be frightened at the thought. So as soon as Charles was gone to

his work I fell down again on my knees; I don't know just what my petitions were, but I had the most blessed time, feeling the Lord's presence with me for three hours. I felt that He was looking down from heaven upon me, all my sin was gone, I felt I had a conscience void of offence. I had been mourning over my being such a black sinner, and I had been troubled to think how burdensome I am to the Lord's children, for I have nothing but what they give me; the Lord clothes me and feeds me through them, and pays my rent; and everything I have, He puts it into their hearts to give me. I have been often troubled to think of my burdening them. But how the Lord took away my trouble for this, showing me that it was *His* way to lay my burden on them, and I felt quite happy and content it should be so. I had a sweet time indeed. I felt He had kept me every day since He first called me, not a day but I have felt, in some part of it, His hand upon me. How sweet that is! but when He is gone how gloomy! I cannot rest, I am kept crying and mourning for Him. I am always doing one or the other, rejoicing at His presence or groaning at His absence."

1849.—"One day it came powerfully upon me, *I must find my dear Lord again.* So I left cleaning my house, and took my Bible, and sat down with diligent seeking in my heart; and it was not long before He came and broke in upon my soul, and then we had such sweet communion together, Him and me, He was with me and I was with Him. He is often with me a bit in a day, and then He goes from me, and 'I tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn,' and I am left to my wicked heart and the devil; and oh, the fighting that I have; and this is the way many times in the day; first one and then the other. I often feel Him with me very sweetly in the night when I am asleep, but as soon as I awake in the morning, my fighting begins.

"How I do love the dear children of my heavenly Father! I bear them on my heart before Him. There are many that my blessed Redeemer is bringing and drawing, and how my soul loves them, but I am often afraid of speaking to them, lest I should hurt their precious souls. I pray for them, but I cannot speak except the Lord puts a word in my mouth, then I can speak."

"One day I sat deep in thought, pondering

on the mercies I had received from my Father in heaven—how He had fed me and clothed me all my life and surrounded me with blessings spiritual and temporal. But before long I felt my wicked heart began to stir, my pride, my self-righteousness, my vain thoughts, my awful state was opened out to me; then how I abhorred myself, I could have torn my wicked heart out of my flesh, that's how I often feel. The Lord makes me to see my wickedness, and sets my sins before me. I have felt this, that He feeds me with judgment. For some time after He called me at the first, I was filled only with joy, I did not feel my sins as I do now; and then what pride entered my heart, spiritual pride, just as the hymn says,

> 'The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
> And makes e'en grace a snare.'

But He sent that hymn to instruct me, it was like His letter to me, for I was so ignorant, I knew nothing, like a beast I was. Now when I feel my cursed pride coming in, how I cry to my dear Lord to take it away.

"I am afraid of those flashy frames which I have known a good deal of; Satan and my proud heart come in upon these, and what work they make. But my dear Lord keeps me down now. I see the danger of these high things;

I did not see it once. I thought these frames and feelings were of the Lord, and many times the devil and my heart have deceived me here. But it seems to me as if the Lord kept me more steadfast now, immovable as the Word says, and to look for His love to the end."

"From the first of my blessed Father in heaven calling me, I felt He had a peculiar people on this earth; but where they were to be found I could not tell. I would search up and down, and went for a bit to this denomination and that, and sometimes would think how I had found them; but afterwards I would get perplexed, for somehow they never seemed to understand my life. But ah! how I love God's own dear children, not only those I have seen in the flesh, but those I have not; and those too who are not yet called, but whom He will call in His own time. I read in Luther on the Lord's Prayer. It says we are to be taught to say *Our* Father, because we should feel a unity of heart with all the Lord's people. When I read this, I said, Yes, I will say *our*, because my heart is knit to all His children; but I will, I *must* say *my* Father too, because I feel He is my dear, bright, blessed Father up in heaven."

Dec. 4th, 1849.—"I awoke early this morning between four and five. I cried to the Lord; this came on my mind, 'All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O Lord.' I looked on it in this way, that my dear Redeemer has a peculiar people in all nations, and these shall all be brought to come and worship before Him. I kept crying to my God, on this word, 'all nations.' I prayed for all them as are in the world whom yet He has not called. At six o'clock I got up and lighted my fire; still the cry in my heart was concerning them; the Lord's Prayer came to me, 'Our Father,' etc.; and oh, what rich blessings and mercies I prayed for, and I begged that my dear heavenly Father would do *His* will, not mine but His, that my will may be broken down, mortified, put under in all things, and His only rule. My dear Redeemer was very near to me while I was thus pleading in prayer for this, and seemed to assure my heart that He would surely answer my request. But oh, what a discernment I had this day of the two natures, the flesh and the spirit; for from four o'clock till ten the fight between them went on."

1850.—"I want to tell you my case. I

have been sorely tried lately about a circumstance which occurred, in which I was told I had done wrong. Day and night, and night and day, this pressed upon me, and I could find no rest in my spirit. I could not go to the Lord, I could not read His Word, I could not seek His face, and Satan kept buffeting me, and held me so fast in his chains, that I was forced to lie down bound hand and foot, till my dear Lord should come and set me free. This was my sad condition for three or four days together. Yesterday I thought, How I long to read my Bible and find my blessed Saviour to meet me in it. But I was afraid of opening it lest I should sin against the Lord—I was so tossicated; and as I thought this, that word struck in, 'Be instant in season and out of season;' and with that I reached my Bible, and prayed Him to be with me; and I opened upon that Psalm about the Israelites being fed with manna, and they murmured against the Lord; then He rained feathered fowl upon them, and they still murmured; then He said, 'He would forsake the tabernacle of Joseph and choose not the tribe of Ephraim.' Oh, how my heart sunk at these things; for the Lord discovered to me my sin, and it made me greatly to tremble.

But from hence it was that my deliverance came; for I felt my blessed Saviour's love return to me. He brought good to my soul from this trial. He showed me more of my evil heart, and of the devices of Satan; and now I felt his pardoning love and mercy, and I was set free from all my entanglements."

"There is another thing I want to tell you about; that's my pride that took hold of me after my conversion. I was lifted up in myself, I thought, Who is taught like me of the God of heaven? I looked down upon every one, thinking that not one had experienced what I had in the things of God. But all this time—yes, for years—how ignorant I was of my sad condition; I did not know I was walking in pride; I thought I was walking in all well-pleasing to God, and praising His name for His great goodness to me. Oh! the dreadful deceits of the devil and our own wicked hearts, how fast poor souls are held by them. But my dear Lord did not leave me to perish in my pride and ignorance, but opened my eyes to it before it were too late; and this was the way. One day as I was walking along the fields from my house, in one moment I was made to stand still in my soul; and this thought struck into

my heart, 'I wonder, after all, whether mine is the real true religion of my dear Redeemer?' Oh, how this did pierce through me; I shall never forget my feelings. I know the very spot of ground I stood upon. After awhile I walked on to your house, where I was going; and my dear Father in heaven so ordered it on this very day, that, for the first time in my life, I should hear that hymn on pride read out of Joseph Hart, 'Innumerable foes attack the child of God.' He sent that hymn to instruct me; it was His letter to me; and in the hearing of these words my whole state and condition was opened out to me. I was convinced of my pride, and I was made to fall down under the conviction; my mouth was quite stopped—I was brought in *guilty, guilty*. Each line of the hymn, as it was read, seemed to deepen the conviction of the Spirit upon my heart; I could mention many of the lines, but this in particular,—

> 'The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
> And makes e'en grace a snare;'

because surely the dangerous snare was open to me that I had fallen into;—spiritual pride on account of what the Lord had done for me. I always think that hymn-book of Hart's, and that hymn especially, was the gift of my dear

heavenly Father to me. Well, I went home on that day, and I wrestled hard in prayer that the Lord would take away the cursed pride from me, and I read the Apostle James, and there I saw what a wicked woman I was. 'Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing; therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men,' etc. I received a deep teaching by the Spirit in my soul. I was taught the two natures from this, and I felt both were in me; and these were contrary, the one from the other. My wickedness is my dreadful pride and vain-glorious self-righteousness especially. Oh! how I was made to fall down before my dear Saviour in confession and deep repentance, begging His pardoning mercy, and entreating Him to deliver me from the evil of my nature. Ah! many a battle from that day to this have I had against 'the sin that dwelleth in me,' my cursed pride and all the host of evil; yes

> 'That mighty foe deals dangerous woe,
> And hurts beyond them all.'

And it rises up again and again in my heart. I cannot keep it down, except my dear Lord is with me to overcome for me; but He makes me to go to Him when I feel it rising up, and these blessed words are true, I *feel* them true,—

'Thy garden is the place
Where pride cannot intrude;
For should it dare to enter there,
'T would soon be drowned in blood.'

"Yes, when I am brought there, laid low before His blessed feet, I am 'safe from pride and self-conceit.' Oh, how I do pity in my very heart those poor souls who are yet ignorant, as I was, of this cursed pride; from my soul I pray that the blessed Lord may teach them as He has taught me, and open to them their sad condition."

[The circumstance thus related took place in the year 1835.]

"Another thing I want to tell you about is that *fresh manna;* we must find it every day; the old manna we had yesterday will not do for us the next day. Oh, how I feel this, if we live on past experiences, our religion will have no savour. I know many are quite content with what they found years ago, at their conversion; but indeed I am quite frightened at this, for except my dear Redeemer feeds me with *daily bread,* I should soon perish for want. I hope all the dear children of God will be taught this, and not imagine their conversion is sufficient to feed on till the day of their

death: they will be in a sad place then, if their souls are not undeceived before that time."

Her feelings respecting her husband's illness, June 15th, 1850.

"Ever since Charles has been ill, I have been in great heaviness, bitter distress, for I have felt as if he were afflicted because of my sin; days and nights has this distress lain upon me, I have been pressed down with the weight of it, and what I feel when anyone asks me about Charles I cannot express; none know my feelings, they are so heavy. But while I have been mourning over my sin and guilt, I have begged of the Lord to have mercy on me, and to be pleased to show me concerning this heavy affliction of Charles's; and to give me true repentance, and pardon all my sin, and not suffer me to live under it till I come to a dying bed; that He would clean take it out of the way, and wash my soul afresh. Last Thursday I went to the meeting bowed down greatly with the sense of my sin, and under fear concerning C.'s grievous affliction, that the Lord's hand was upon him in judgment, because of the evil that is in me. But it pleased the Lord to meet me and bless my soul from these words,

Hosea xiv. 7, 'They that dwell under His shadow shall return, they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine;' and He clean took away all my sin and set me quite free from fear and from bondage, and He gave me to taste of His love and mercy in my soul. Oh! no words can express, nor heart conceive the riches of His grace and mercy, when He is pleased to reveal it to the soul; and my dear heavenly Father made manifest to me His hand in C.'s affliction. Well, I went home lightened of my burden. I had gone weighed down under it, but I returned without it; for He had removed it off my shoulders Himself, and set my soul at liberty, perfect liberty in my dear Redeemer; and now I feel these words so sweet to me, 'Trust in Him, and by thy weakness, thou shalt prove that Christ is strong.'"

Concerning her journeys to see her husband.

"Oh what I feel when I think of the tender mercies and compassion of my dear Father up in heaven, how He has provided for Charles. I cannot express my feelings about this, and yet how I resisted at first his being taken away from me; but my Saviour doeth all things well; and how He has strengthened me in my

journeys to and fro to see him about once every five weeks; and I can truly say I have never gone without seeking first my dear heavenly Father, to show me whether I was to go or not, and then begging Him to be pleased to order all about my journey, and that His presence might be with me; and He *has* been with me, taken me there, and brought me back every time; and when I have seen my poor old man in the asylum, so clean, so comfortable, so peaceful, and everyone kind to him, and all besides as I have seen in that place, well I have praised and blessed my God in heaven, who has provided such a place for those poor suffering people in their deep and heavy affliction. I am lost in wonder and admiration when I see the tender compassion and love of my Father in heaven."

[*Her feelings concerning leaving her cottage under Brom-hill where she had lived twenty years, and going to the house in the Black Lion Lane, which took place December* 14*th*, 1850.]

"I can trust to the Lord more than ever now. He it is that has done this for me. He knew my grief and deep sorrow of heart since Charles left me, and my fears at night; many a time

I have got up and walked about my house, being afraid to lie in bed. I was not afraid when my Saviour was with me, then I felt quite safe; that Psalm was my experience, 'He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust, His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.' And this morning I opened upon this, 'Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and hear me,' etc. Well, if I could tell you what I felt. He was with me, and every word was spoken in my soul. I never thought this house was to be mine, but the Lord has provided it for me. It just came into my mind this way, one morning as I awoke, 'There's a house for you.' I thought, Was it the Lord who said so? and I felt He gave me leave to come up and speak to you about it, but I felt deep trouble when I left your house, lest it should not have been from the Lord, I sunk so low. I remembered how the devil had deceived me before, and made me take all my things out of my house, and in shame and confusion of face, I had them all to take back again, and the reproach of my sin which I had to bear at that time. Well, after a while, I had power to go to the Lord, and lay it all before Him,—my bitter grief; I said, Oh, my dear Redeemer, give me repent-

ance; if I have sinned against Thee in this matter about the house, show it to me, and take away my guilt. And then He brought on my mind about my standing on the causeway when my house was on fire twenty-four years back; the dreadful fears that I felt, lest I was a child of the devil and not of God, and how my blessed Saviour helped me then, and made me clearly feel that I belonged to Him. All this came before me, and I kept pleading it with the Lord; and presently I felt Him coming into my soul; and He brought me clean out of my trouble, and made me praise His holy name, for His wonderful works are past everything. Well now, it is not the *house* that makes me glad, but it is *His work* in it, that fills me with praise. If He had put me in a dungeon or a pigsty, I could have praised Him if He had shown me His hand and work in it. Oh, how I have been praying that my proud, wicked, deceitful heart may not be lifted up by His mercies. I want to be down, down, down to dust."

1851.—"I wanted to come and tell you what a precious word I felt come into my heart, but I was so afraid I should not be able to remember where the verse was, for you to find it, that

I was tempted to tear the leaf out of the Bible to bring with me to your house; but a fear came over me that that would not be right; so then I sought the Lord's help to keep the verse for me, and He answered my prayer, for now I can tell you: it was this, 'For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven.' I will tell you how it came. I was in sore and bitter conflict, in heavy labour of spirit, but I could not give up, I could not rest; nothing would do for me till the Lord brought me relief, and blessed my soul; and my eyes got so dim that I could scarcely see a letter in the book; and I feared if I tried them with reading, I should go blind. But towards night it came to me in this way, 'Cannot my God keep my eyes from going blind if He pleases? I will get the Bible and read;' and opening it, the leaves turned to that verse I have told you of, in the 119th Psalm, v. 89. I felt it in this way, that it was the word of the Lord spoken to me, time after time upon my heart; it carried me back to the morning of my conversion, when I heard His voice speaking, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock,' etc.; and every fresh word I have had in my heart came flowing in; and I felt, All these were settled in heaven; they are all noted down in His book of remem-

brance; and He is interceding for me every moment; when I am in darkness and distress, and conflict of soul, still He knows me in all those places, and always comes to me when His right time is come. I should think I know something of that true spiritual appetite, for I am clean 'clemmed' to death, if my dear Saviour does not feed me with the Word of life. Oh, how I crave after it; and what you have read to me about union one with another, did not I feel that this morning when the verse in the Psalm came to me! I had such love in my heart for all God's dear children everywhere, those I had seen in the flesh and those whom I had only heard of. I had such heaps with me."

1852.—"I have been stripped by the Lord. He will strip us all. I was looking at those trees without a leaf, all dropped off, that was like me. Ah, what it was when He took all from me. What a work it is to strip a self-righteous sinner! I notice some trees how long it is before *every* leaf drops off. Ah, that is like me. He sends furnace after furnace, blow after blow, till not a leaf of our filthy rag-righteousness remains. He will do this for all His children till they are made clean nothing.

We must be brought to lie in His hands, 'as clay in the hands of the potter;' who knows what that is? it's very deep. I have been in a hot furnace, and I begged my dear Redeemer to sanctify it to me, and He did; but I can hardly speak of it, it was such a blessed thing when He spoke to my soul: I tremble and fear to say the words, yet how His whisper was heard in my soul; it was just as I partook of the bread and wine at the blessed sacrament, 'My blood was shed for thee.' They were such words to me, I can never tell to any one what they were to me. I often think of that hymn which speaks of His streaming hands and feet, 'Ye that pass by, behold the man!' Satan does not care if we only *talk* of the blood of Christ; but if we feel it shed for us, He is sure to harass us."

[On the last Christmas day of her life, 1852, she spoke as she always did, especially at that season, of being most earnest in prayer for a week before, that the Lord would visit her soul upon that day; and after describing a time of darkness in the forepart of the day, in which she feared her prayer would not be answered, she said]:—

"But afterwards He came in that verse of Hart's Christmas hymn—

'Go and find the Royal stranger,
By these signs: a babe you'll see,
Weak and lying in a manger,
Wrapt and swaddled,—that is He.'

"The last words broke my heart, 'that is He;' and afterwards He directed me to read the 10th chapter of Hebrews; and I was able to draw near again, and found *Redemption*, full, perfect, and complete, in that verse, 'This man after He had offered one sacrifice for sin, for ever sat down on the right hand of God.' I got faith and thought, What good would this be to me if I had not faith? but I was enabled to 'see the Son, and believe on Him to everlasting life.' I don't know what a contented state is without Christ; for ever since He called me at the first, I have been *un*-contented without Him."

"How solemn it is to me to hear of any being called out of this world—gone to receive their just sentence from the righteous Judge of heaven and earth. I am always led in this way when I hear of anyone's death; I must leave them with God, the Judge of all—I know nothing. He knows all. All hearts, all secrets are open to Him, and He has done the thing that is just and right by them. But, oh! these things speak loud to my soul. I am always

looking for my death. I know neither the day nor the hour, but it will not come on a sudden to me, come when it will. He was *first* with me in that word, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock,' and so He will be at the *last*; and what a thing it will be when He cometh and knocketh (for me at my death) to be ready to open to Him immediately. My soul often longs to be gone. I am weary, weary, weary. I often say, 'How long, dear Lord, how long?' and sometimes I think it will not be much longer. Oh, how bright and glorious those words are: 'And the city had no need of the sun neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof' (Rev. xxi. 23). Oh that burial *sermon*, 'We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality' (1 Cor. xv. 51—53). I am clean lost when I think of these things!"

The death of Sukey Harley.

Four days before she was seized with her last sickness she was visited by a friend from a

distance. He says that for a time she related, in the way usual with her, her many trials and temptations, the conflict and labour of her spirit in continually seeking fresh returns of Christ's presence. At last he said, "Notwithstanding all your trouble, Sukey, you have *one thing*—you have hope." She rose up with great energy, and clasping her hands replied, "Yes, my dear sir, I have *hope* indeed." Then for an hour or more she continued to relate the dealings of God with her soul, from the very beginning of her spiritual course. Her conversation was more than usually animated; it may well be supposed to have been the purpose of God to refresh her spirit by the vivid recollection of His former lovingkindnesses, just as He knew that the day of her death was approaching; and in the heart of the friend who heard her, a savour of divine unction was left, which he felt he could never forget.

Another friend who had a conversation with her, on the evening of the very day before she was taken ill, relates the following. "This morning I was having my cup of tea, and the Lord came to me in a blessed way in this word, 'I have sealed thee unto the day of redemption.' Oh the power of it! how blessed it was! and I burst out and said, Oh

happy and glorious day! come when it will, it will be happy to me, and tarry as long as it may, it will still be glorious! The words followed, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He will appear the second time upon the earth.' Oh, I do know it, and I felt it in this way; I know that my Redeemer Christ Jesus liveth and reigneth in me, and at the last He will appear, and make clear and bright His own blessed work of grace, mercy, and truth in my heart. For He will keep that which I have committed to Him to the last day; and will support and comfort me at the last, whether I am able to speak of it or no, for He has said, 'I will perfect that which concerneth thee,' which is His own blessed work of grace in a wretched vile sinner's heart. What a mercy to be assured we are included 'in the bundle of life,' true everlasting life, when the time comes for us to have done with all below. How blessed to feel we are safe in Christ whether we live or die! My prayer often is, Lord, when Thou seest fit to remove me or any of Thy children from this life, be pleased to raise up more and more from every generation, who shall be after Thy calling and purpose. Thy blessed Word says, 'The Lord added to the church daily such as should be

saved.' And since Thou hast been pleased to bring so unworthy a creature as I to a saving knowledge of Thee, my blessed Father and God in Christ Jesus, my heart's desire is to hear of many more brought and saved by Thine almighty power through Thy dear Son and Thy Holy Spirit. This I ask of Thee, my blessed Father in heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake.

"I am now low and tossicated in my mind, yet would not change my condition for all the world's happiness. Oh! that would be dreadful to me. My chief desire is to find my dear Lord's presence in my heart, for without that I am miserable. But though He makes me feel my bad condition at times, He does not leave me long there, for I cannot rest till I have confessed my many sins and backslidings, in thought, word, and deed, and I am brought very low in deep sorrow and contrition; and when He comes with a sense of His pardoning mercy it breaks my heart; and He assures me I shall see Him as He is, without a veil between. This strengthens me to press on to the end, and in His power and might I shall be able to do so, and to Him be all the glory for evermore." She then added feelingly the following lines from a hymn :—

"Thy power and mercy first prevail'd
From death to set me free;
And often since my life had fail'd
If not renewed by Thee.

"To Thee I look, to Thee I bow,
To Thee for help I call;
My Life and Resurrection Thou,
My hope, my joy, my all!"

She saw several of her friends on this day, being about as usual, and not appearing to be worse in health than she had lately been, though for the last twelve months or more it had been much impaired. Her daughter over-heard her make the remark that she had felt herself called before the bar of God several times during the course of it. She also noticed her for several hours in the evening, sitting outside the door of her house with her book before her, with which she appeared deeply occupied; her spectacles were found in the last chapter of St. Mark's Gospel.

On the morning of the day after, viz., on the 16th of August, 1853, she was seized with a paralytic stroke, depriving her of the use of her right side; and from that time till her death, which took place five days afterwards, she never opened her eyes or spoke, but lay as if unconscious of everything passing around her. At half-past four on Sunday morning,

August 21st, 1853, her happy spirit took its flight from this world, to join the blessed company above, and spend an eternal Sabbath with "Him who had loved her and washed her from her sins in His own blood." She had often been heard to express herself thus, "Now I should like, if it be according to the will of my dear holy blessed Father in Christ Jesus, to depart this world of sin and misery at the opening of a Sabbath morning. I always feel a wish to begin my eternal Sabbath in heaven on a Sabbath-day on earth." This wish was granted her, and though it may seem small, yet the circumstance should not be overlooked, because we may see in it the tender love of her Saviour in granting even so small a request, and it is sweet to the heart when we have faith given us to believe it, that "a sparrow shall not fall to the ground without our Father; but the very hairs of our head are all numbered," as Christ says (Matt. x. 29).

It is still more to be observed, that the manner of her death was exactly what she had herself anticipated for a very long time. More than thirty years before, on the occasion of her mother's death, she had received a peculiar impression and warning on her heart, which

through grace she had been enabled to give diligent heed unto. Her mother's death, though not actually sudden, yet came with surprise to Sukey, who thus describes the effect it produced upon her mind: "It was a very dismal time to me. I was out on a journey, and when I came home I heard that my mother was dead. Oh, what great alarm fell into my heart! I thought, Suppose my God should be pleased to take me away so suddenly as this! No warning! Oh, it was very heavy on my heart! It took great *expression* there. Then I thought, If this is God's will respecting me it must be done: and I never durst pray that He would alter His will. This verse was very weighty on me, it made me to tremble all over: 'Beware lest He take thee away with His stroke, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.' It put me to a great *ponder;* and I began to entreat the Lord if He would be pleased to show me whether this would be in anger. Would it be a sign of His displeasure? I made many bitter cries about this, and could not obtain an answer to satisfy my mind for some days. At last my blessed Lord came into my soul, and fully reconciled my mind about it. He said, 'Not in anger—not in displeasure;' then I was con-

tent. Then I prayed that He would be pleased to give me the true preparation; that He would wash me in His own most precious blood, so that whenever or however my death should come, He might find me ready—that though none about me should be expecting it, yet that I might always be expecting it myself, always watching for it. Oh, to be found ready! that's the point, washed in the blood of the Lamb: this is the true preparation. My prayer is often about this, that whenever the time comes, I may have nothing to do but to die. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' that's my verse, and has been so for many years."

Often, during her latter years, she has expressed herself in a way somewhat similar; and uniformly maintained her belief, that God would be glorified at her death, not by opening her mouth, but closing it. "Don't you be terrified (she would say), or think that I have been taken by surprise, if you should hear of my dying suddenly, or being struck speechless, so as not to utter a word on my death-bed; my God has been preparing me for it these years and years past: and I wish to warn you about it, that you may know it will not come upon me by surprise. I never feel satisfied to

close my eyes at night, nor can I rest in peace till I feel Jesus Christ in my conscience, so as to be able to say, Now, Lord Jesus, if it should be this night, I am ready to go. Oh, if He is absent, and guilt is on my conscience, what *un-restless* nights I have! my sighs, my groans, my tears, none know but He Himself, nor can any other bring ease to my distressed soul."

"Now I often think about my death, there will be a great disappointment then. The folks will be gathered together to see old Sukey Harley die: and they'll think to hear glorious words from my mouth—they'll think to catch somewhat then. But what's the use of that? Hear me speak! My filthy rag-righteousness, what's that? Oh, there's a great mistake in our world about this—for they don't see the difference between the flesh and the spirit. But I have this feeling, that my mouth will be stopped then; there will be nothing left for me to say. I shall be nothing, but my blessed Redeemer will be all in all. The folks will see my lump of flesh, but they will not, they cannot see my life. My life is not here, it is hid with Christ in God! Who can see my righteousness? My righteousness is not mine, it is Jesus Christ's. I have asked Him,

my blessed Saviour, to make me give my *dying* testimony while I am yet alive, walking up and down in this world. And He has put His words in my mouth to speak as He bids me. I cannot speak thus to such as won't understand me, they would take my words wrong, and call me a strange woman! Let them talk so, but I have got a Saviour. Yes; and I know Him and He knows me."

Those who are not spiritually instructed in the various ways by which it pleases the Lord to exercise His people, and cause them to understand His voice in their hearts, may find fault with the above, as though Sukey Harley pretended to a spirit of prophecy in it. But it was not so. It pleased God, and that in condescending mercy to her, to impress His will on her heart, and also to make her will conformable to His. Who are we that we should presume to know His reasons, or question His proceedings with any of His people? The event proved she was not mistaken in the interpretation she formed of the divine will, and what she spoke was uttered in the very simplicity of her faith, and with much awe upon her spirit, knowing that her God was "a great and terrible God, and a great King over all the earth."

Thus both the time and manner of her death, and the testimony she bore up to the day of its approach, unitedly show the loving-kindness of her Saviour towards her. Yet some amongst her immediate acquaintance showed a want of spiritual discernment on this occasion, taking the manner of her death as a proof of God's displeasure against her for some particular sin. Now there are many who can talk loudly of God's judgments, but they know not that God's judgments are a great deep, too sacred and too secret to be understood merely by considering the *outward circumstances*. There is a blind indiscriminate way of talking about these things, which is not according to knowledge. Those who really tremble under a sense of them as respects themselves, will be very cautious in pronouncing on them in the case of others. The self-same pillar of a cloud which caused darkness and confusion to the Egyptians, gave light by night to the Israel of God. So also, through the abundant grace and love of Christ, death itself (which viewed abstractedly is the greatest of all judgments) is changed to every believer in Christ, so that in whatever shape it comes to them, it cannot properly be said to be sent as a judgment, but rather as a messenger of eternal

joy. And such was death to Sukey Harley, whose lamp was ready trimmed when the midnight cry of the Bridegroom's approach was heard by her; and she being ready, went in with joy to the marriage. And the voice speaks to us likewise, "Be ye also ready."

Others there were who expressed themselves thus: "One would have thought that such a woman as Sukey Harley would have given a bright testimony upon her death-bed." These go away disappointed, verifying her own words, "There will be great disappointment at my death." But did she give no *dying* testimony? Those who think she did not, forget that God made her give both a living and a dying testimony to the word of His grace, from the day He first called her out of darkness into His marvellous light, to the hour of her departure. It is now forty years since her conversion, thirty-seven of which she has been in this place, a living witness (as has been already remarked) to the reality of the religion which is set forth in God's Word—a marked example of the truth of what is recorded there, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of

the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. i. 27—29). He made her to bear testimony to the power of His grace and the greatness of His salvation, as revealed in her heart, to the glory of His own name; and those who fully received her testimony, felt the witness in their hearts as they watched *in silence* and in faith her expiring breath, that she was indeed one of that number of whom it is said,—"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Truly the opening of that Sabbath day, on which her emancipated spirit took its everlasting flight from conflict, sin, and suffering, was a glorious opening to her. Could we not by faith pierce through the shades of death, and see her take her stand among that "great multitude which no man could number, standing before the Throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes and palms in her hands?" Could we not see her, as it were, casting her crown before the Throne, and joining in the song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches,

and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing?" Can we, in our feeble manner, unite in the chorus; and add with melting, broken hearts, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever?"

FINIS.

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